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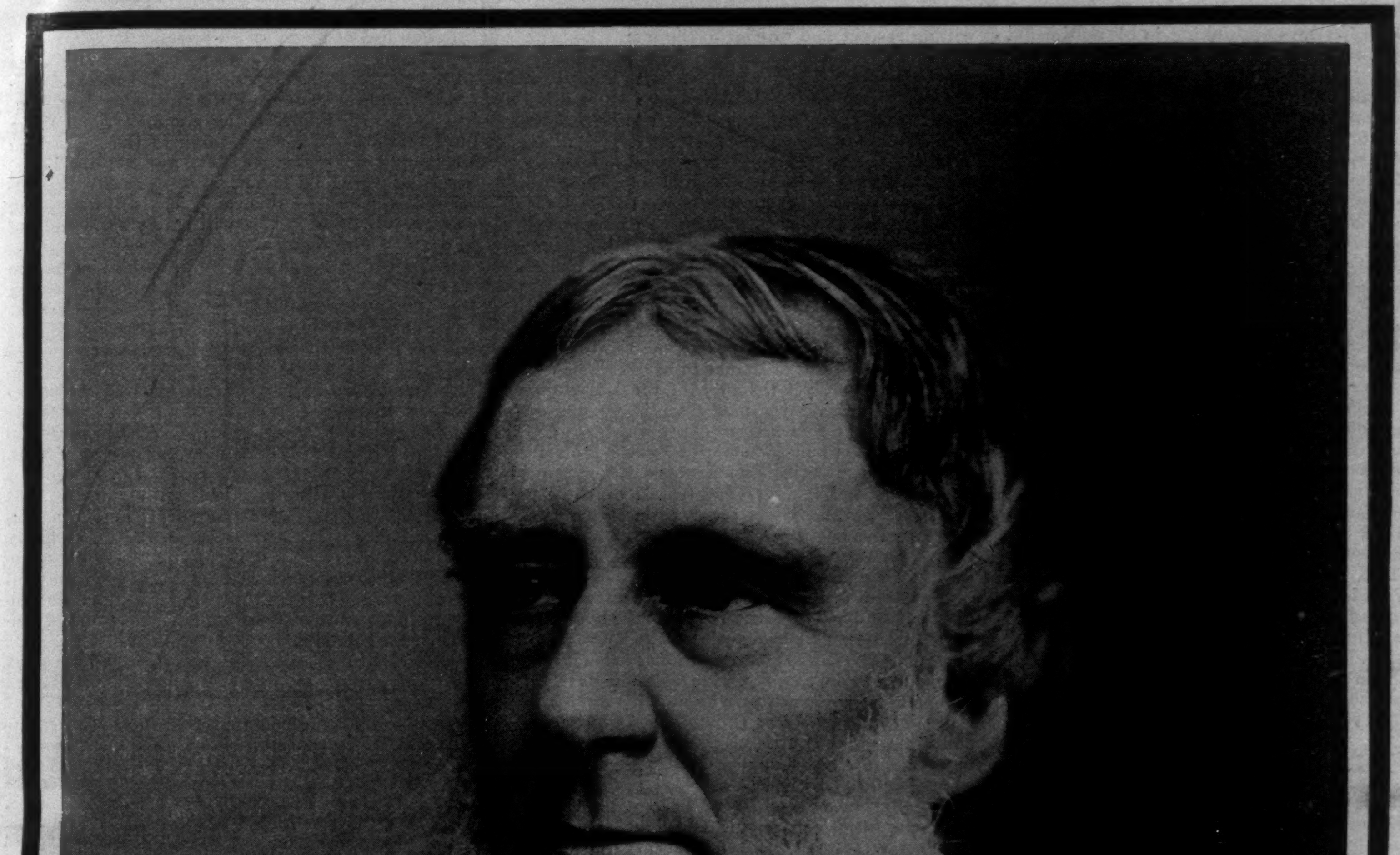

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

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GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

NOBODY who has known George William Curtis well can conceive the thought that he has left us forever without a peculiarly desolate sense of personal and irreparable bereavement. There was in his ways of thinking, in his sentiments, in his aims and aspirations, in his activity, in his intercourse with others, in his whole being, so rare an element and influence of noble beauty and virtue that it appears hopeless to fill the void which his death has left behind it.

Nature seemed to have designed him for the republic of letters, and at an early period of his life he gave promise of a literary career of uncommon distinction. The exuberance of his fancy, his faculty of fine observation, the geniality of his humor, kindly even in his satire, the warmth and nobleness of his enthusiasms, the unaffected refinement and high purity of his diction, gave his writings a singular charm; and throughout his life, even when other duties demanded his time and labor, purely literary production remained his favorite occupation, whether it ran in the channel of those graceful conversations with the public known as the "Editor's Easy Chair," or in that of his more serious and important although no less graceful essays. But his deep and ardent patriotism called him in early manhood to the sterner tasks of an active public life. The anti-slavery movement took hold of his whole moral nature, and led him into the Republican party. He is well remembered as he stood in the Chicago Convention of 1860, which nominated Abraham Lincoln for the Presidency, pleading with glowing eloquence for the recognition in the Republican platform of the great principles of the Declaration of Independence—himself in his youthful beauty and fervor an almost poetic embodiment of the best of that moral sense and that lofty enthusiasm which aroused the people of the North to the decisive struggle against slavery.

But his political career was essentially unlike that of most other men of ability and ambition who devote themselves to the service of the public. Unceasingly he labored with pen and speech for all that was just, noble, and elevating, and against whatever was base and degrading, not selecting for himself, like a dilettante, the dainty part of the work, but plunging personally into the rough encounters with the professional politician in caucus and convention. But although a man of his brilliant abilities and splendid working force might easily have risen to high places of political distinction and power, he sought for himself nothing but the place and opportunities of the simple, unselfish, public-spirited citizen, who looked for his only reward in the good he might accomplish for his country. He declined the high honor of the mission to England, a post in which his high qualities and his fine personality would have shone to the utmost advantage, and accepted only the comparatively humble chairmanship of the Civil Service Commission, humble in rank and emolument, because there he hoped to do a work which most strongly appealed to his patriotic feelings.

After the abolition of slavery, the reform of the civil service was the cause dearest to his heart. In the brutal barbarism of the spoils system, and the far-reaching demoralization of our political life springing from it, he saw not only a grave danger to our republican institutions, but also a dishonor to the American name. This scandalous abuse not only alarmed him as a statesman, but it wounded his pride as an American citizen. He threw the whole enthusiasm and energy of his nature into the struggle against it. At the head of a small body of men of the same faith, he had to combat the lethargy of the public mind as well as the greed of the professional politicians. It seemed to be an almost hopeless contest, and disappointment followed disappointment. But he joined to the enthusiasm of the idealist the tough perseverance of the man of true conviction. After every failure he patiently resumed the Sisyphean labor of rolling the stone up hill, until at last it found a lodgment. Congress as well as some State Legislatures enacted laws rescuing a large part of the public service from the curse of spoils politics. But this was only a beginning, and with unflagging zeal he endeavored to fortify the positions won, and to pursue the advantage.

It would be unjust to others to overlook the importance of their part in the work; but it was Curtis who performed that essential task of leadership for which his wide knowledge and experience, his mature judgment, his gentle temper, and his modest and easily acknowledged authority peculiarly fitted him—the task of reconciling the conflicting opinions, of harmonizing, directing, and inspiring the zeal and efforts of others. It may well be said that he was not only the president of the National Civil Service Reform League, re-elected from year to year without any question, but also the intellectual head, the guiding force, and the moral inspiration of the civil service reform movement. The addresses he delivered at the annual meetings of the League were like mile-stones in the progress of the work; and as he reported to the country what had been done and what was still to be done, enlightening public sentiment, encouraging his fellow-laborers, and distributing with even-handed justice praise and reproof among the political parties as they deserved it, the spoils politicians had to listen with, perhaps, unwilling respect and wonder to the man who, with a devotion the unselfishness of which even his opponents could not put in doubt, and with a quiet courage which no obstacle and no failure could dismay, drove them, slowly but steadily advancing, from one position after another.

The civil service reform movement, acting upon the public mind with a purely intellectual and moral influence, and through it compelling the spoils politician to give up from his stubborn grasp one after another of what he considered his dearest prerogatives, is one of the most remarkable and cheering proofs of the power of public opinion in our time. And of that moral and intellectual influence George William Curtis was the fairest exponent and representative. While the results achieved are still very incomplete, and the resistance to be overcome is still very formidable, yet the eyes of the leader closed upon a vastly improved public sentiment, and upon successes of the reformatory effort which cannot be undone; and when at some future day the reform of the civil service in the truest and widest sense is an accomplished fact, as it surely will be, the American people, while justly recognizing the merits of others, will gratefully remember George William Curtis as one of the bravest pioneers, and as the greatest champion and hero of that great deliverance.

He was a warm and faithful party man so long as his party pursued objects which had the approval of his conscience. He broke with his party as soon as he became convinced that its conduct made it an engine of evil to the country. No conspicuous member of a political party can turn against his former associates without exposing himself to bitter censure and vituperation. This was also his lot. It seems to be difficult to the mind used to partisan ways of thinking to understand how a man may change his party allegiance in order to keep unchanged his principles and convictions of right. No doubt George William Curtis felt keenly the obloquy that was poured upon him. But it could not swerve him from what he knew to be the path of his duty. As his nearest friends know, it was not with a light heart that he took the decisive step. The party which had fought the battle against slavery had been very dear to him. In it he had formed associations to which he had become warmly attached. Only the stern voice of duty could move him to give up all this, but when that voice spoke to his conscience he did not hesitate to follow its command. But he had the high satisfaction of receiving from his very assailants a high tribute to his character. An exasperated party spirit, even in its most wanton ebullitions, never dared to question the purity and disinterestedness of his motives.

The readers of this journal, whose honored political editor he has been through many years, have long known him as a teacher. They always felt that every word he said to them was the truth as he understood it; that he endeavored to ascertain the truth by the most careful and conscientious inquiry and consideration; that every praise he bestowed and every censure he uttered on any public man or any political party was dictated by the most scrupulous desire to be just; that his very denunciations were tempered with charity; that every advice he gave was prompted by the purest zeal for the honor and greatness of the republic and the happiness of the people. They had unbounded confidence in him because they were sure of the source from which his opinions and utterances flowed; they knew that in that source there was nothing of prejudice, nothing of greed, nothing of envy, nothing of selfish ambition, nothing of stubborn pride of opinion—nothing but an ardent love of his country and of justice and liberty, and a profound solicitude for the moral health, the civilization, and the well-being of his countrymen.

He was the finest type of the independent in politics. While recognizing the usefulness of parties in our political life, he never forgot that a party is only a means to an end, and not the end itself. He considered and discussed questions of public interest on their own proper merits. He conscientiously weighed in his judgment the success of which party or candidate would be most advantageous to the public welfare, and then gave his support according to his conviction so formed, unawed by power or popular clamor, unconcerned by favor or personal friendship. He criticised men and things with strict impartiality, and never refused to give up what he had found to be his own error.

As he was the ideal independent, so he might well have been called the finest type of the American gentleman. He was proud of his country, and yet never boastful. He would have stood in the company of kings without embarrassment, but also without making the least demonstrative display of his ease. He was not ashamed of not being rich. He possessed that true politeness which consists in an instinctive regard for the feelings of others. His exquisite refinement of manner was genuine because it was free from all self-consciousness and affectation, and sprang from true kindness of heart. No coarse utterance crossed his lips because no coarse thought or sentiment crossed his soul. He made his inferiors feel at home in his presence by generously recognizing their merits without oppressing them with condescending superiority. He was a distinguished man in the most distinguished society, moving in it with unpretending simplicity, and tiring only himself. When we think of the men whom we would point out as models to our youth at home, or whom we would have looked upon as representative American gentlemen before all the world, George William Curtis will surely be thought of in the very first line.

What his pure, gentle, lovable, and loving nature was to those nearest to him cannot be expressed in the columns of a public journal. His friends must be pardoned if they speak of him in the language of eulogy, for it will be eulogy if they speak of him only the sober truth. He was, indeed, one of those rare human beings in which the eye of criticism detects nothing that friendship would wish to conceal; and it may truly be said that nobody ever came into intimate contact with him without being better for it.

It is a most cruel thought that the melody of his eloquent voice will never be heard again, and that his ennobling presence is gone from among us forever. There is some consolation in the certainty that most of his work will endure, that the inspiration of his example will live, and that his name will remain honored as that of a benefactor of the human kind, and one of the noblest and greatest citizens of the republic.

THE FUTURE OF OPERA.

THE partial destruction by fire of the Metropolitan Opera-house would have been an unfortunate event for New York in any case. It is rendered positively calamitous by what now seems the probability that the stockholders will decline to rebuild and refit the house to carry on its original mission, and what seems the certainty that there will at least be no operatic season of 1893 within its now charred and disfigured walls.

Since its opening, nine years ago, the opera-house has been an educational institution of the highest value in one of the most delightful of arts. It has really merited the title of "Academy of Music" much more fully than the edifice which it succeeded. For it is within its walls that Wagner's operas have really been heard for the first time. Many of them have actually been heard there for the first time, and others for the first time as the composer meant them to be heard. In fact, it may safely be said that before the surrender of the Metropolitan to German opera, the only performances of Wagner that a Wagnerite could approve had been the excerpts that had been given by German orchestras in the concert-room—a mode of performance which Wagner himself strongly deprecated. We have not the least intention of going into the pleasing and endless discussion about Italian and German opera, of which no reader of the daily papers can have escaped heroic doses. But it is not entering that gory field to say that Wagner's works are, at least, attempts at a new form of opera which no cultivated person can ignore. This is no longer true of his predecessors, and he can scarcely be said to have had successors. Thanks to the Metropolitan Opera-house, New York has had opportunities of hearing and estimating these works not, upon the whole, inferior to any of the German cities, and immeasurably superior to any offered outside of Germany.

It is impossible to blame the stockholders if they decide to transfer their property to some less noble use. We ought rather to thank them for what they have done than to blame them for not continuing the good work at their own expense. It is well known that they have been groaning and travailing together in assessments, after sinking large sums in the original investment. The fact seems very curious, considering that the house has been crowded, at high prices, for season after season, but it is at any rate not disputed, and it is for the stockholders themselves to say whether they will go on submitting to the yoke of assessments. But it may be assumed that in any case New York is not going without opera. The demand is quite large enough to make sure that some enterprising manager will undertake the supply. That it will be as liberally and adequately supplied as it was during the most brilliant seasons at the Metropolitan there is no ground to expect, but a moderately good production of good operas is very much better than none.

If the stockholders decide not to burden themselves with the cost of rebuilding the house, in addition to their other heavy expenses, there seems to be a chance for those who revolted at their decision two years ago to abandon German opera. These malcontents affirmed, and brought evidence to support their affirmation, that German opera was the form of art upon which the stockholders lost the least money. In the absence of opera of any kind at the Metropolitan there seems to be an excellent chance for the revival of German opera at some other house. The conductors and the players are here, and the singers are accessible. As there can scarcely be two rival seasons of opera, the operatic field seems to be open to whoever can occupy it first.

ENGLISH PESSIMISM.

THERE is much more than people in the outer darkness beyond the newspaper offices can be made to understand in the law of what our French friends call *actualité*—*i. e.*, in the law that requires journals to treat every event according to its importance relatively not to all other events, but to the limited number of other events that happen at the same time with it. By that law many a matter trivial in itself, and known to be trivial, has been given a degree of prominence that any one unacquainted with the laws of newspaper perspective would regard as ludicrous.

This is the explanation which, with the modesty that becomes a known expert, we submit for the lachrymose chorus that has arisen from the English press apropos of certain riots and burnings that we have had in this country. According to these choristers the American republic is pretty nearly a dead failure. Its essential basic principles have quite broken down. Our people make their own laws and won't obey them; they worship liberty and trample on it; they are disciples of equality, and they violently attack each other's rights. What a gloomy outlook for a nation that started for Utopia, and can only be kept within the bounds of ordinary decency and peace by being prodded with their own bayonets and bored with their own bullets! Now, if the affairs that are the occasion of all this solemn comment had taken place ten days sooner, before the smoke and dust of the English elections had been blown away, they would, we venture to say, have been dismissed in such brief space as suffices to show British contempt for American affairs and American geography. But falling on that dead calm that follows a political storm in England, with nothing more pressing to engage the mind of the "able editors," they afforded an opportunity not to be neglected to read America a lesson, the moral of which is more plain than instructive. We are told once more how desperately foolish it is to be English in descent and not English in temper or institutions, and how hopeless it is for us to try to work out our salvation in our own way, since we have clearly failed, and any effort will only sink us to lower depths. And yet, partly because we have English blood in us, we shall disregard our weary and cheerless mentors, and with many a blunder, doubtless, but with stubborn courage and patience and faith in ourselves, shall do what we can, and try to bear what we cannot help.

THE VICTIMS OF THE TARIFF.

DISCUSSIONS of the tariff usually concern themselves with capital and labor, and the tariff itself is professedly an invention for adding to the profits of the one and the wages of the other. Every one pays his share of the burdens of the tariff, as of all taxation, but the people who suffer most from the tariff tax belong to the great unconsidered class of persons of moderate means. In this class is to be found the larger part of the cultivated intelligence of the country. Here are the professional men, the salaried men, the men and women who have limited incomes, who love books and pictures, and who prefer a life of intellectual repose to the brisk activities of business. Here are the authors and artists, the merchant who appreciates the beautiful things of art and letters, and who, in order to find time to enjoy them, gives up the hope of making the fortune that represents a life devoted to money-getting.

The people who belong to this class have social privileges and corresponding social duties. Their tastes are nice, and consequently expensive. They have ambitions for their children. They regard it as their duty to send them to the best schools, and the cost of tuition at such schools is often large enough to be a burden to moderate incomes. A well-trained mind, however, is the heritage of the children of those who have no fortunes, and that must be theirs at any cost.

These people and their children must dress well enough to be presentable among richer folk. There must be decent silks for the wife and respectable broadcloth for the man. The latter cannot go to his office in corduroys. He cannot go with his wife to afternoon teas in Cheviots, and he must possess his evening suit of clothes, which he wears until its shining seams frighten him with the warning that the larger part of his week's income must go for a new one. His wife and daughters must have finery, costumes, dresses for parties, dinners, and balls. There must be entertainments at his home, and he must be able to offer his friends a glass of wine.

Life for a man of this sort is hard enough under the best of circumstances, and much ingenuity is sometimes displayed in making both ends meet. But in this country the government does its best to add to the difficulties of existence. For the kind of clothes needed by a man or woman in moderate circumstances—a man or woman who has no intention of hiding away from the social world—$100 will not go so far in this country as $50 will go on the other side of the world. The money demanded for a good overcoat in New York will buy three overcoats in London, and two evening suits can be purchased in Paris for the price of one in New York.

What is true of clothes is true of everything that is better than the bare necessaries of life. It is true of table-linen, of the objects of art that add to the delights of life, of glass and china, and of dainty and pleasing bits of furniture. It is a mistake to denounce luxuries as if indulgence in them were a feeble kind of vice. Tasteful luxuries are aids to the spiritual and intellectual progress of the race, and a desire for them should not be discouraged and prevented by taxation.

The man of moderate means has been driven into the suburbs by high rents. The master-mechanic's wife looks longingly at an "all-wool" dress she would like for Sunday wear, but which is taxed by the tariff beyond the power of her purse. The wives of the author, the lawyer, the doctor, the minister, and the artist turn and turn again the old silks and satins, furbish up the dimness of time with a bright ribbon, scrub out the gloss of age on the husband's coat, and spend weary hours in saving dollars that, were it not for the tariff tax, would add to the delights of life, and afford the easy circumstances of which poets sing, but which no one of them, unless he possesses a Mæcenas, expects to attain in this world of taxes and other pecuniary exactions.

OUR HOSPITABLE DUTY.

SOME of our Italian fellow-citizens have generously given to the city a statue of COLUMBUS, which is to be placed at the Eighth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street entrance to the Central Park. The statue, which was illustrated and described in a recent number of the WEEKLY, is pronounced by competent authority to be a worthy work of art.

The presentation of the statue is a graceful and kindly act on the part of the Italian citizens, and it is to be accompanied by a fine display of international courtesy on the part of the Italian government, whose friendliness towards us has been recently preserved under most arduous conditions. Would it not be well if New York should meet the members of the Italian committee with a hospitality as gracious and kindly as the spirit and feeling which they have manifested?

It is customary on similar occasions for the municipality receiving such guests to commemorate the event with a suitable medal. Neither the general government nor the State can provide such a medal before October, but the city can, or at least public-spirited citizens may. The Italians who have participated in this fine movement ought certainly to receive some material recognition of the part they have played in it.

THE SUMMER HOTEL-KEEPER'S CRISIS.

IN spite of cholera in Europe, which in some measure restrained the rush of American summer travel in that direction, and of the immense heat which put the country and the sea-shore at a huge premium, the summer hotel-keeper awaits the close of the season with a mind not altogether free from misgivings. Generally speaking, it has been a very good year for him, but there, as heretofore remarked in this journal, has been a cloud in his sky which in some cases, even in this exceptionally favorable year, has shut off his sun. It is the spread of the summer cottage that ails him, and his apprehensions are well founded, for not only has his bugbear multiplied to a surprising extent, but there is an air of permanency about it which, from his point of view, is reasonably ominous.

In some cases he has shut up his house altogether, and retired before the invader. In others he has met the enemy by becoming a landlord-cottager himself, and supplying his tenants with food and locomotion, and making his hotel a social centre. In a good many cases sagacity, judicious investment, and a favorable situation have enabled him to hold his own, and face the future with confidence. But, generally speaking, he feels that he has come to a fork in the road, and has got to make up his mind which way to travel. He can go out of business, or reduce his rates, or compete with the cottages by offering his guests more of the comforts of cottage life—better rooms, better food, better service, better opportunities for real recreation, and more of the comforts of a well-regulated home.

Whenever his apprehensions have been duly realized, and he finds himself already with a hotel on his hands that he cannot half fill, he might begin by taking down half of his bedroom partitions. Two or three ordinary summer hotel bedrooms thrown into one would commonly make a very fair sort of apartment, wherein, if it had a real bed in it, and not the too prevalent burlesque of that important requisite, the summer exile might experience something better than a satire on repose. A writing-table and some good chairs, and possibly a sofa, in such a room are worth more than they cost, and a smaller room or closet opening out of it, with a bath-tub and a lot of water, will gratify the prospective occupant as much as it will surprise him. Summer hotel-keepers have not appreciated how fond the summer exile is of washing himself, and how pleased to find things convenient for that ceremony. He will learn, if he enquires, that there is lots of personal ablution done in the better grades of cottages.

As for food, the quality is important, the service if possible more important, and the scene of its consumption quite as important as either. A hotel cannot hope to compete with the cottages unless it can make the exile happy at his meals. Let him eat them in a pleasant room, with something to see when he looks out of the window. Give him a table just big enough for himself and his party, and a comfortable chair to sit on. He cannot expect to dine *à la Delmonico* unless he pays the Delmonico price, but there is no reason why he shouldn't have hot plates and plain victuals simply prepared, and served with neatness and reasonable despatch. It is some trouble, and costs something; but they do it in the cottages.

The reforming hotel-keeper must make his sitting-rooms and loafing-rooms attractive too. His clerks must be neither haughty nor grotesquely familiar. His whist-tables must be clean; his billiard-tables and bowling-alleys true; his horses in good repair, and not too few or too dear; his piazzas duly screened and shaded, and comfortably furnished; his tennis-courts trim and level; his boats cheap and safe; and his boatmen fit to be trusted with cargoes of inexperienced mariners. He has been too prone in past years to gauge the wants of his guests by the requirements of mothers of young families who call chiefly for pure air and milk, by the trifling material necessities of lovers, and by the endurance of patient matrons with marriageable daughters. These three classes of guests will put up with almost anything for a season, because with them personal comfort is a secondary consideration. Nevertheless they have a choice, and, as sundry hotel-keepers have learned at Bar Harbor, the cottages have charms for them too.

The day has past when the summer exile must take what the summer hotel-keeper chooses to give him. In the living present, if the hotel-keeper intends to survive, he must find out what the exile wants, and give it to him cheaper than he can provide it for himself. If he can do that he will be able to stem the tide of cottages, and make his property bring in reasonable returns. If he cannot, he need not be surprised to find himself furnishing his country with something it conspicuously lacks—a lot of interesting ruins on picturesque sites.

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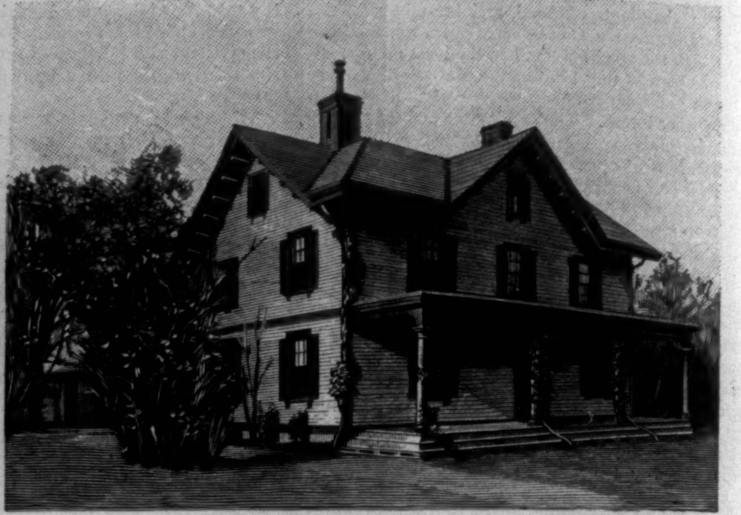
MR. CURTIS'S SUMMER HOME AT ASHFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.



MR. CURTIS'S HOME AT LIVINGSTON, STATEN ISLAND.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

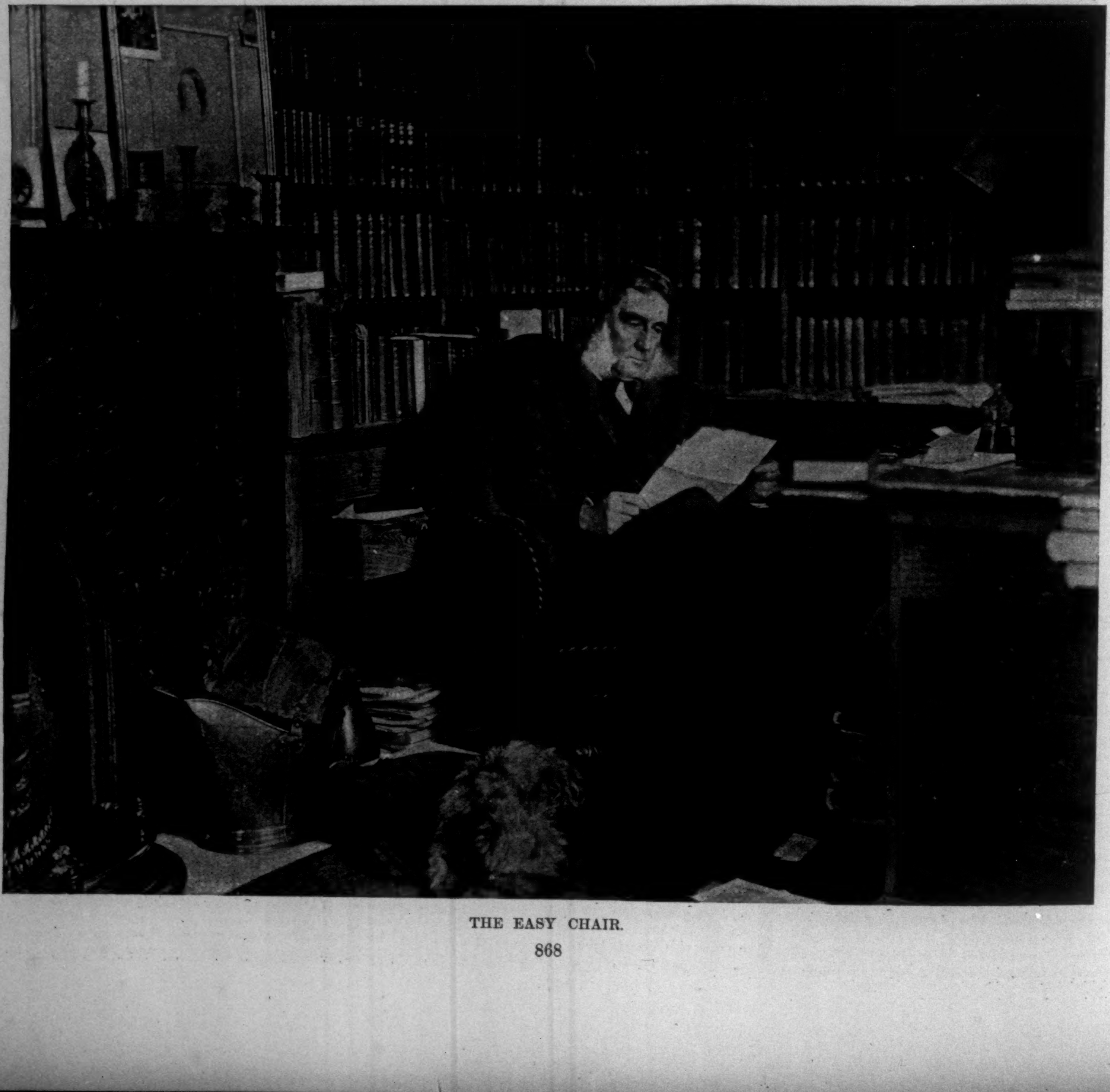
WE involuntarily measure the greatness of a man by the things he has done for us, and I shall hardly be blamed by those who have lived through the time since George William Curtis became a fame, if I begin to speak of him by owning the debt which I have so long gladly owed him. It gives me such right as I have to the pang of personal grief which all acquainted with his work must share with those nearest him.

He was never far from any man of good-will, and he was the intimate of multitudes whose several existence he never dreamt of. In this sort he became my friend when he made his first great speech on the Kansas question, which will seem as remote to the young men of this day as the Thermopylæ question to which he likened it. I was his admirer, his lover, his worshipper before that for the things he had done in literature, for the *Howadji* books, and for the lovely fantasies of *Prue and I*, and for the sound-hearted satire of the *Potiphar Papers*, and now suddenly I learnt that this brilliant and graceful talent, this travelled and accomplished gentleman, this star of society who dazzled me with his splendor far off in my Western village obscurity, was a man with the heart to feel the wrongs of men so little friended then as to be denied all the rights of men. I do not remember any passage of the speech, or any word of it, but I remember the joy, the pride with which the soul of youth recognizes in the greatness it has honored the goodness it may love, and all the glow of that happy moment comes back to me, with the gratitude and the new hope that filled me. Mere politicians might be pro-slavery or antislavery without touching me very much, but here was the citizen of a world far greater than theirs, a light of the universal republic of letters, who was willing and eager to stand or fall with the just cause, and that was all in all to me. His country was my country, and his kindred my kindred, and nothing could have kept me from following after him.

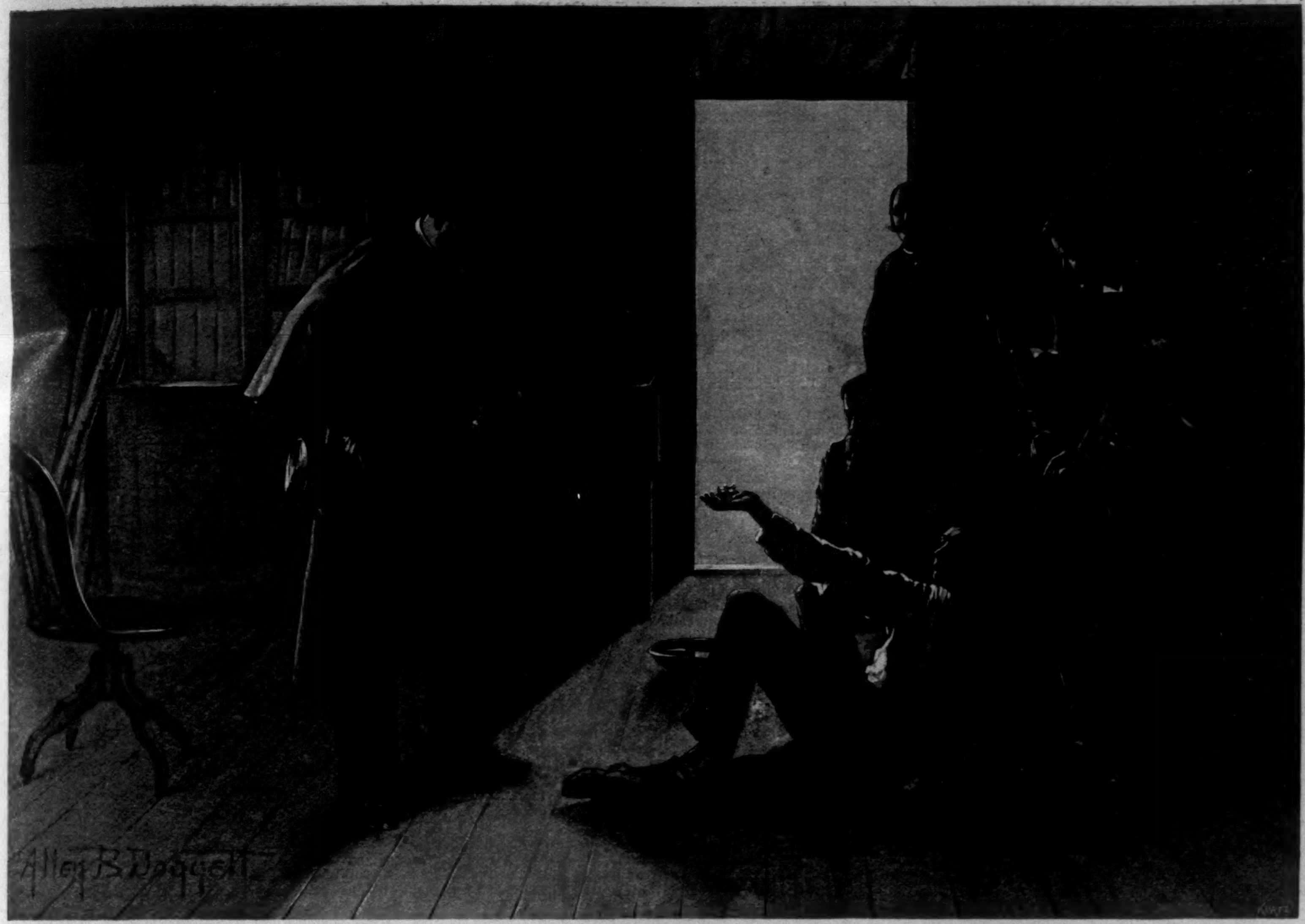
When, indeed, he left the party which he helped then to establish and to glorify for me, I could not go with him, or think with him, but I believe that in this sad hour when all Americans mourn him, the old Republicans, who were young Republicans in those distant days, will gladly recognize that he was always the truest of Republicans.

His whole life taught the lesson that the world is well lost whenever the world is wrong; but never, I think, did any life teach this so sweetly, so winningly. The wrong world itself might have been entreated by him to be right, for he was one of the few reformers who have not in some measure mixed their love of man with hate of men; his quarrel was with error, and not with the persons who were in it, so that he had no enemies but those of his cause. He was so wisely tolerant and so gently steadfast in his opinions that no one ever thought of him as a fanatic, though many who held his opinions were assailed as fanatics, and suffered the shame if they did not win the palm of martyrdom. It is hard to realize that in early life he was a communist, and that when he came out of Brook Farm into the world which he was so well fitted to adorn, and which would so gladly have kept him all its own, he became an abolitionist in the very teeth of the world which abhorred abolitionists. It is harder still to realize that he was a believer in the cause of women's rights, which has no picturesqueness, and which chiefly appeals to the sense of humor in the men who never dreamt of laughing at him. Even when he turned from the Republican party because he thought it grown untrue to itself, the obloquy which followed him was faint-hearted and perfunctory. The man who was in the last degree amiable was to the last degree unyielding where conscience was concerned; the soul which was so tender had no

(*Continued on page 870.*)



THE EASY CHAIR.



SCOTTY'S DAY OFF.

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

THE flat had witnessed a fuss of considerable acuteness; the old man had landed the dishes in the street, and then offered to go and hunt up a policeman and have himself arrested if his wife should feel like entering a complaint. She did as she had done on similar occasions—she turned to her sewing-machine and pile of overcoats, and frowned over to Scotty not to say a word.

It was hard on Scotty. If it had been his own father it would have been bad enough, but a step-father! But he knew it would be all the worse for his mother if he interfered, so he held his tongue, as usual, and hoped the old man would leave before he did. But the old man was not in a hurry this morning, although he was shaking for want of the bitters for the purchase of which his wife had told him she had not the money. The old man was sure there was money in the place, and he meant to have it. Scotty was afraid the sewing-machine would follow the dishes, so he lingered over the packing of his lunch. All to no purpose, for the old man sullenly planted himself on a chair and silently eyed them.

Scotty dared not stay a minute longer; he was late already, and he had been late nearly every day for the week the old man had been on his cantico, and the foreman had complained of it. If he lost his situation, what then? The old man had not worked since he went on the strike a year ago; the overcoats were not eternal, and the spring coats would not be ready for a month yet. With him out of a situation, how would they get on? He could only hope the sewing-machine might be spared, and his mother remain unmolested. He did not even dare to whisper to his mother not to be frightened, for the old man was so suspicious, and had regarded him with greater disfavor than ever this last week because he had been quiet and staid at home of nights instead of going with the boys—not even to annoy the Gradys on the first floor the night Annie was married.

And why had he not gone out of nights this past week? Scotty's cheek burned as he thought of that keeping indoors and guarding a feeling he could not understand and which he dared not divulge. He knew his mother looked on him strangely, too, and very likely thought he'd got religion, because the Heavenly Recruits had roused up of late, and half the people in the house were whistling the hymns, especially that one that sounded like a break-down. Even the Catholic Gradys whistled and hummed that tune.

But it was not religion Scotty had. He was in love, and he did not know it. He had been in love six months, and not till a week ago had he been unhappy because of it. He was older than his years, and younger by reason of his environment, and yet he did not know what love meant. The object of his adoration was Miss Alice, his boss's daughter, who came down to the shop sometimes to walk home with her father. It began when he saved her little dog from being run over. Scotty loved her from that day; her smile, her gentle voice, her delicacy, these were all so new to him. After that day she would nod and smile to him if she saw him as she went into the office. He used to watch for her and get in her way for the sake of that nod and smile, and would dream about her.

All this until a week ago.

A week ago, the day of the Grady wedding, when he had anticipated so much pleasure with the guests' hats and things, the foreman told the shop that Miss Alice would be married the following Thursday—that was to-day. Scotty was at his bench when the foreman spoke. All at once something seemed to pain him in the chest, like a lump that had got there suddenly. All day he made mistakes; couldn't get things right. In the evening the boys whistled their mystic whistle for him, but he staid away from them. They were no longer companionable; even the peanut gallery palled upon him; and he held himself to be a critic in matters theatrical, and had his favorites among the actors, and fought for them.

Yet for a week he had felt like keeping away from all that he knew and staying up in the flat with his mother, in the ceaseless whir of the sewing-machine. He could hear the drums and the voices of the Heavenly Recruits as they went into barracks round the corner, and his mother, without stopping her work, would look over to him and smile her wan smile, and say she was so glad for him, and that religion was a good thing, and she'd often felt like it herself, only she'd never had the time, and she hoped he'd be a good man, as his father had been. A tear would tremble in her faded eye, where great memories glimpsed out.

And Scotty did not contradict her. He knew that if he attempted to say a word he should break down, and then his mother might get to thinking all sorts of things about him, even that it had been he, as Grady maintained, who had called "Fire!" that night when all the people were asleep, and the Dago had broken his leg in foolishly venturing down the fire-escape.

The old man thought all sorts of things about him instead, finding him in the house of evenings. The old man abused him so that he might ascertain if his surmises were correct, and failing to receive the irritating replies for which he longed, imagined more miserable things still, not the least among which was that Scotty had helped himself to the firm's money. The old man was always accusing people of taking money that did not belong to them.

Thus he was insistent for funds this morning, giving as the alternative the pitching of the room into the street, beginning with the dishes.

After the dishes he waited awhile. He had serious opinions regarding the fitness of his wife's following the china, only he argued that if this came about, and Scotty still refused to take the hint and imburse him, the flat would have to be given up, as there would be no one to work the sewing-machine. The stove might go, and the bedstead, and the plush photograph-album he had once bought in a moment of weakness, before he had gone on the strike; but he would wait even for this, and give his wife time to give Scotty the wink.

For the old man was persuaded that mother and son were in collusion, and that some day he should come home and find the flat vacant, and the two of them gone off to live in selfish luxury somewhere, deserting him for a life of mad frivolity and fashion.

But the wink did not pass between them. Instead, Scotty, not daring to stay any longer, and trusting that the old man was too rocky to tackle the machine, put his newspapered lunch away up under his armpit, and without a word, and followed by the fierce whir of the machine, went out into the entry.

The Grady children and Filipo, the littlest Dago, who was cross-eyed and confusing, had some of the broken china from the street and had come on the stairs with it, waiting for the dénouement of the fracas. Jimmy Grady jeered, and Filipo winked in a puzzling way, but Scotty took no notice and hurried on, not even staying to see the outcome of a scrap between Mrs. Grady and Dutchy, the shoemaker, regarding a pair of Grady's boots, which had such apparent invisible patches on them that Grady declared every other walking delegate would consider him hard up.

In the street Scotty took a long breath. He wondered if his mother would remain unmolested. He wished he had had the money to give the old man. But he had not a cent of his own; he was even saving his pie-money to give his mother at the end of the week. For he had done a most extravagant thing; he had told the foreman to put down his name for the full week's wages towards Miss Alice's wedding-present which the men were getting up.

What eyes the men had made when he said that! and "Shorty" Ginther, so called because of his extraordinary length of limb, and who knew more about theatres than any other man, said: "Why, cert. What's the dif. to him? But this is sarc. Where did you get the mun?" and asked him if it were "property" money.

No, he had not a cent except his pie-money, and that belonged to his mother, who need never know his lunch for a week had been bread alone, without the accompaniment of that pastry which he liked above anything else. What would his mother say when she knew of the disposition of his week's wages—his mother, whose only hope was he!

But he did not care; somehow or other, he could not care for anything just now. For Miss Alice was so sweet, so gentle, and had always spoken so kindly to him, and she was going to be married. Could he have given less than his week's wages towards her wedding-present? Wasn't it pleasant to think he should suffer for her sake? She would never know, but *he* should.

To-day was the wedding-day. He would be in the shop working, smudgy, at the beck and call of the men, while in a church, to the sound of beautiful music, amid fragrant flowers, dressed all in white, she would be married. Then, he had heard, she was going to another city to live; he should never see her any more.

He would see her *once* more. He did not care what might come of it, but he would go to that church at noon to-day, and stand outside the awning that would stretch from curb to church portal, and see her go in on her father's arm and come out on her husband's. He would, he *must*, see her once again.

His head was not quite clear. He had not slept much this week, and he seemed to hear the whir of the sewing-machine as he hurried along. Would the old man fire the machine? No machine, and he with no wages this week, how would they live?

"Shorty" Ginther called out to him, in his tragic manner, as he entered the shop: "Me prophetic soul, me uncle! 'Tis late you are, me lord. Who steals me purse steals trash. You'll be docked. If you want to be bounced, say so."

Scotty put on his dingy apron and went to work. There was a clock in the room, and he watched the hands. Miss Alice would be married at noon, and it was now nine. At half past eleven he would make for the church and see her. The groom? He knew nothing of him. He did not know his name. He knew he should never forget the name if he once heard it, and he was always afraid some of the men would mention it.

Yes, at eleven thirty he would go and look upon Miss Alice for the last time. Maybe she would see him there, and remember that time about the dog, and smile at him. He wondered if she would take her little dog with her to her new home. He wished it would get lost, and he should find it and keep it as something she had cared for. Then he was angry with himself for having such a thought. Whatever she cared for, that she ought to have.

He worked and attended to the behests of the men. The machinery whizzed, tools scraped and pounded, the men whistled popular melodies and told jokes, and "Shorty" Ginther showed them how Booth looked in the third act of *Hamlet*.

Then the foreman went out, staid a little while, and came back, gingerly carrying a remarkable creation of colored glass and silver, which represented the gift of the men to the bride—a gift which would cause a shudder in the bride and groom, and be religiously kept from their friends.

Scotty, with burning eyes, approached it. He considered it the most beautiful work of art that could possibly be concocted.

"I thought you'd all like to see it," said the foreman—he had headed the committee that had purchased it after the man who had it for sale told them there was not another one like it in the city—"before we sent it up to the house."

Scotty looked longingly at it. It would belong to Miss Alice, and it had his week's wages in it; thus she would possess something of his. He put out a finger and touched it.

"That's right!" said the foreman; "take all the polish off it! Rub your hands all over it while you're about it! Now who'll take it to the house?"

"I will," cried Scotty, his heart bounding—maybe he might see Miss Alice, and she would say how beautiful it was, and he could tell her he hoped she'd be happy, and ask after the health of her little dog—"I will."

The foreman asked him what was eating him, and gave the shining mass into the care of two men, and told them he wouldn't take any time off if they staid till after dinner hour. One of the men borrowed a dime from "Shorty," who forthwith vented his nautical knowledge regarding the value of a pair of schooners. Scotty went back to his bench. It was ten o'clock. Two hours more and he should see the bride.

He had forgotten his mother, home, everything; his head was on fire; he must see Miss Alice once more. He could not work; he trembled like the old man. The whistling men annoyed him; the grinding of the machinery set his teeth on edge. "Shorty" Ginther threw a file at him to find out if he were asleep. At half past ten the foreman called him to take into the office some work that was to go there.

In the office the clerks were dressed in their best; one of them had a flower in his coat. The office had been asked to the church wedding, and was going, all except old Baker, who was said to keep himself with a chafing-dish, and was so much of an old bachelor that he wouldn't have gone to his own wedding.

And in the office was the boss. The boss was in a great way. The signing of an important contract had called him down to the office.

Scotty delivered the work, when the boss looked up.

"Oh," he said, "you're the boy who has sometimes been to the bank?"

Yes, Scotty was the boy. Ever since he had saved Miss Alice's dog that time, and especially as Miss Alice said he had an honest face, the boss had noticed him, and had him do some errands for him.

The boss handed him a check, and told him to make haste, and smilingly explained to old Baker something about somebody wishing to draw out all her account, which had been kept in her maiden name. Old Baker sniffed and turned to his ledger, and said they hadn't been married seven years.

As for Scotty, he knew he should have to hurry if he expected to get to the church in time. He got on his hat and coat and ran for the bank. Of course everything got in his way; such ordinarily inanimate things as fire-plugs started up suddenly just in front of him with the most malignant perversity.

But he reached the bank at last. As he went in he happened to look up; there was the old man going along. In a flash all the old home life came up before him, and he thought how contemptible he must be to be thinking of weddings when maybe the machine was lying out in the street, and his mother sitting up in the dismantled room crying in her feeble way—his mother, who was waiting till he was a man and could take her from the old man. He would not go to the wedding; he would not lose that much time; he would work, and try to make all he could for his mother; only he could *not* regret having used his week's wages for Miss Alice's present. Yet, his mother!

In the bank two or three were before him at the teller's window. He got into line. He opened the check, and then all the world spun round. The check was signed by Miss Alice, drawn out in her own name, the last act of her maidenhood; evidently her father would give her the money on reaching home. Her name, written by herself! He looked at it till a mist swam before his eyes. Reverently he raised the paper to his lips, his head bent over it. The man in front of him moved forward, vacated his place at the window, and it was Scotty's turn. He presented the check, was recognized, and the money handed to him—Miss Alice's money, to be carried by her! He held it close in his fist; he would hold it thus, making it warm with his life, till he gave it up to her father; it should carry that much of himself to her.

A clock somewhere struck eleven. Eleven o'clock! He hurried out. There was the old man. He caught Scotty by the arm.

"I want that money you got in there," he said. "No gettin' off this time. I want it—do you hear?—and I mean to have it. Fork it over, you—"

He made a lunge. With a deft movement Scotty dodged him. Then the old man called his mother a name, and said that he had beaten her. All that he had taken from the old man for sake of his mother, all that his mother had stood, all the agony that was in his soul at that moment, came up to Scotty, and he leaped and planted a blow in the old man's face.

It was madness then. Scotty was down in the mud of the street, the old man on top of him, pounding him, searching for the money, beating the boy, who was powerless before such frenzy. He was being choked, his head nearly squeezed off his shoulders. He almost heard his bones crack. He might be killed, but Miss Alice's money should never be taken from him alive. He had pains all over him; he was suffocating. But that money should never leave him while he had life. Was that his mother's sewing-machine he heard, or was it the machinery in the shop? Was he in the middle of the cartway, writhing to his feet only to go down again, the old man scratching away after the money, people yelling, horses tramping near him?

There was one more awful shake than all, and he felt that he was going to pieces. Then there was a lull, and he gasped. There was a pressing round him, and he pushed the dirt from his eyes. A policeman held the frothing old man.

"I am his father," said the old man, "and he struck me. He's a thief; he got his boss's check cashed, and he was running off with the money when I collared him."

Scotty was dragged and pushed, his muddy, torn condition laughed at. He was before a magistrate, the old man appearing against him. Scotty listened, dazed, to the charge of theft preferred against him. Dared he tell the truth? Even if he were believed, would it not go all the harder with his mother—wouldn't the old man take it out of her? He said not a word. The clock in the room struck twelve—noon. He gave a convulsive start. Miss Alice was being married; he had missed the wedding, and her father had not taken her the money.

She would think he was a thief! No, no; he would tell how the old man had tried to get the money; he would tell it now; he must clear himself now. Then he saw his mother's face, pale, wan, full of suffering. Should the old man wreak his vengeance on her? No, Miss Alice, all the world should consider him a thief rather than that.

He looked wildly about him; the pains all over him seemed to concentrate into one that was in his head. "Miss Alice! Miss Alice!" he suddenly cried out, in a voice strong with grief, and fell over in a heap.

The next thing he knew he was in a little room back of the magistrate's office. His face was washed, and a doctor was beside him.

"His father has most unmercifully beaten him," said the doctor. "That's the worst of these rude uncultured people; when they are honest they treat dishonesty brutally. Open your hand, my man."

Scotty looked at him.

"Open your hand," repeated the doctor; "it is bleeding."

Scotty held up the indicated hand. It was tight shut.

"Open it," said the doctor.

Just then Scotty heard the voice of the boss. The boss had parted with his daughter but a little while ago, and in consequence was in a gentle mood, kindly disposed towards all whom she had ever liked—and she had liked Scotty.

"I am sorry to say," he was saying, "my foreman tells me the boy has been coming late to work for some time, and has been neglectful. Besides, he gave his whole week's wages towards a wedding-gift the men got up for my daughter, and I fear he could hardly have afforded that honestly. Appearances are against him. And yet I trusted the little chap. He was brave. At the peril of his life he rescued my daughter's little dog that had run under the feet of some horses; and I never heard that he was untruthful. Brave and truthful people are not usually dishonest, are they? He has drawn money for me before, and I never missed a cent. It would be difficult to make my daughter, whose money this was, believe that he is a thief—"

"Miss Alice! Miss Alice!" again rang out Scotty's voice. The boss went up to where he lay. "I didn't collar—the money," he said, with an effort. "I—didn't want—to paint the town—red with it. That's straight. I said—I'd hold it till I give—it to you—and I done it—Miss Alice's money."

His hand unclosed, and there was a little wedge of bank-notes stained with his blood where the nails of his fingers had pierced his palm. His hand had never unclosed from the time he had been handed the money at bank till now. "Miss Alice," he managed to say, "tell her I wasn't no thief, s' help me! Mother knows I ain't. Heavenly Recruits—machine in the street. I'll go to the church an' see her onct more before she goes away forever—"

And then it was dark. When the light came again many things were brighter for Scotty. But Miss Alice was married, and he should never see her any more.

When "Shorty" Ginther saw him at the shop when next he went there, he greeted him with, "Well, Scotty, I guess that was your day off, wasn't it?"

And Scotty nodded, and said yes, he guessed it was.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

(*Continued from page 868.*)

weakness in it; his lenity was the divination of a finer justice. His honesty made all men trust him when they doubted his opinions; his good sense made them doubt their own opinions, when they had as little question of their own honesty.

I should not find it easy to speak of him as a man of letters only, for humanity was above the humanities with him, and we all know how he turned from the fairest career in literature to tread the thorny path of politics because he believed that duty led the way, and that good citizens were needed more than good romancers. No doubt they are, and yet it must always be a keen regret with the men of my generation who witnessed with such rapture the early proofs of his talent, that he could not have devoted it wholly to the beautiful, and let others look after the true. Now that I have said this I am half ashamed of it, for I know well enough that what he did was best; but if my regret is mean, I will let it remain, for it is faithful to the mood which many have been in concerning him.

There can be no dispute, I am sure, as to the value of some of the results he achieved in that other path. He did indeed create anew for us the type of good-citizenship, well-nigh effaced in a sordid and selfish time, and of an honest politician and a pure-minded journalist. These columns have borne such abundant witness to the sincerity and fidelity and the unsurpassed ability with which he urged his civic ideals, that it would hardly be the place here to lament that his gifts were not employed in another field. Neither would the multitudes who have listened to him on the platform or the stump consent that such an orator should have been lost to them in a writer of fiction, however great or fine. In fact, he never really forsook literature, and the world of actual interests and experiences afforded him outlooks and perspectives, without which æsthetic endeavor is self-limited and purblind. It is marvellous to remember that in these years, covering now almost a generation, that have passed since his life was so largely given to the practical activities of politics and journalism, he has been constantly contributing to the stock of harmless gayety, and refining while he instructed his readers by the sweet civility of his criticisms of life, and manners, and all the arts, in the Easy Chair.

Now that he is gone, we can see not only how great he was, but how many-sided was his greatness. The great white light of death, in which the qualities appear with such vivid force, illumines his talents and his gifts, and we can perceive in him the universality which the succession of events and efforts obscured. He was a great man of letters, he was a great orator, he was a great political journalist, he was a great citizen, he was a great philanthropist. But that last word with its conventional application scarcely describes the brave and gentle friend of men that he was, and I return to this aspect of his life with a despair of rendering it justice by any other word. He was one that helped other men by all that he did, and said, and was, and the circle of his use was as wide as his fame. There are other great men, plenty of them, common great men, whom we know as names and powers, and whom we willingly let the ages have when they die, for, living or dead, they are alike remote from us. They have never been with us where we live; but this great man was the neighbor, the contemporary, and the friend of all who read him or heard him; and even in the swift forgetting of this electrical age the stamp of his personality will never be effaced from their minds or hearts.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

BY EDWARD CARY.

George William Curtis was of New England lineage. His father, George Curtis, was descended from a family among the very earliest settlers of Worcester, Massachusetts, and his mother was a Burrill, of Rhode Island, whose family had given a Chief Justice and United States Senator to that State. He was born February 24, 1824, in Providence. What schooling he had he got at Jamaica Plain, near Boston, between the ages of six and fifteen, and to this was added a year with a private tutor in New York, whither his father removed in 1839, having meanwhile lost his wife and remarried. Mr. Curtis's father was a man of great business and ability, and was successively Cashier of the Bank of Commerce and President of the Continental Bank. He desired that his boy should adopt his own calling, and with that view placed him as clerk in a German importing house in Exchange Place. Though the young man did not take kindly to business pursuits, the year of intimate contact with business men and methods had a wholesome influence upon his later life. For one thing, it gave him a distinct idea of mercantile honor, such as men of letters, and, for that matter, business men, do not often have, and more rarely apply. When seventeen years old, Mr. Curtis, with an elder brother, joined the family at Brook Farm, Roxbury, Massachusetts. Here began, it may be said, his real education. Hawthorne, Margaret Fuller, George Ripley, the eminent critic of the *Tribune*, Charles A. Dana, the noted journalist, Alcott, the most transcendental of the school, were inmates, while Theodore Parker was a frequent guest, and Emerson, sometimes a guest, was as near an idol as the iconoclastic temper of the place would permit.

Mr. Curtis remained at Brook Farm nearly four years, and then spent nearly two more with his brother at Concord, upon a farm. In 1846, at the age of twenty-two, he left his secluded and contemplative life to wander, literally, in Europe for four years. He sailed in August on a packet-ship for Marseilles, and was wafted in the most leisurely fashion across the ocean, reaching port in fifty days. His journeying was as deliberate and even more wayward than his voyage. Much of it was done on foot, the rest in diligences, on muleback, up the Nile on the slow Egyptian dahabeeyah, across the Syrian desert, by Gaza, to Jerusalem, on camelback. He spent some time in Italy, months in Venice, where he met Kensett, Hicks, and other American artists, and the Brownings. He passed into Switzerland, to the Tyrol, to Germany and Austria, and was in Vienna in the stormy days of '48. The last months were spent in England, where he met Thackeray, and formed a friendship that continued to the novelist's death. It was a rich, varied, delightful experience, and very fruitful, but it was never renewed—which is not to be regretted, since the Europe that gleams through forty years of the Easy Chair is the Europe of that day, smiling, romantic, with a touch of adventure, and a charm that is as completely vanished as the packet-ship that bore the unhurried traveller to its shores.

During this long absence Mr. Curtis wrote letters to the *Courier and Enquirer*, of which Mr. Raymond was then editor, and to the *Tribune*, where his friend Dana was manager. When he returned, he contributed to the latter paper musical criticism and letters from the "watering-places." The latter were collected in a volume, and illustrated by his friend Kensett. It was very delightful. It is so yet, especially to those whose memory goes back to the time when Trenton Falls was the first station in the fashionable wedding journey of the East, when the planters of South Carolina gave the tone to the society of Saratoga, and when Niagara was even more famous for its brass band at dinner-time than for the unique beauty of its scenery. *Nile Notes of a Howadji* was published in 1851, the letters with the title of *Lotus-Eating* in 1852, and the *Howadji in Syria* followed. These books from the pen of so young a writer immediately gave him a distinct place, but it was hardly one that revealed his future, nor was it so high as he afterwards won, or, in the judgment of the present writer, so high as he already deserved. Re-reading them after a lapse of forty years, they seem far more than the "promise" they were at first taken to give. The style overwraps the thought, but the thought is often deep and always refined, and the marvellous richness and splendor of portions have preserved their charm.

In 1853 *Putnam's Magazine*—the "Maga" of those days—

was founded, and Mr. Curtis was associated on it with Charles F. Briggs and Parke Godwin. He contributed to it the "Potiphar Papers"; papers in the series of "The Homes of American Authors" on Emerson, Longfellow, Bancroft, and Hawthorne; and "Prue and I." The "Potiphar Papers" were a series of social satires on the New York society of their time. Unlike most satire, they were thoroughly enjoyable, for the blade, keen though it was and searching, was guided by a kindly heart, which never failed to pity, still less to understand, the folly that was undergoing dissection. It is common to attribute much in this volume to the influence of Thackeray, and certainly there was deep sympathy and hearty admiration for Thackeray in the writer; but Mr. Curtis's sentiment is more constant, his pity less despairing, his wit more illuminating and less scorching. In October of this year (1853) Mr. Curtis first began writing for the "Easy Chair" in HARPER'S MONTHLY, which had been begun by Donald G. Mitchell in September, 1851. After April, 1854, Mr. Mitchell's essays were continued under the sub-head of "Our Foreign Gossip." It is by these papers, unquestionably, that Mr. Curtis is best known, so far as concerns his purely literary work. It is not easy, and to their readers it is not necessary, to characterize them. They are very varied—recollections, criticism, social comment, description, philosophy, humor, satire, poetry in prose, even politics in the larger sense, what not—but they are always distinctly personal. What a wide view that "Easy Chair" afforded! How high it was placed above everything mean or petty or unfair, how near at once to the simplest and the noblest themes! What a warm and constant and manly sympathy spread from it! How searching yet how gentle the grace of its occupant! How wise in the earliest as in the latest years, how fresh and buoyant in the latest as in the earliest the words that came from it! Of the readers of the MONTHLY there were always a goodly number who turned to it first in the full pages, turned to it again before the number was laid aside, and returned to it over and again with more affectionate interest as the years went by. In American literature there has been no finer influence, maintained more freshly and constantly, than that of these papers.

When *Putnam's Magazine* passed from the hands of the original publisher, Mr. Curtis became a special partner in the firm acquiring it, but with no share in the business management. In the crash of 1857 the firm failed. Mr. Curtis, after sacrificing the money he had put into the business, was relieved of further legal responsibility for its debts. He was not, because he refused to be, relieved of the obligation his sensitive conscience indicated to him. For the next thirteen years all that he could save from his earnings, and all that he could earn from lecturing, which he then took up, was devoted to the payment of the debts which his firm had compromised. It was a laborious undertaking; the toil was great, for he gave in some years as many as one hundred lectures; the self-denial was still greater, for it practically interdicted the enjoyment of the leisure for which his tastes and his pursuits gave him a keen zest; it almost banished him from his new-made home, dearer to him than to most men. But the reward was ample—the satisfaction of his self-respect.

In 1856 Mr. Curtis first entered actively upon political life in the great campaign for Fremont, and from that date to the close of his life he was deeply interested in public affairs. In 1860 he was a delegate to the Convention that nominated Mr. Lincoln. For many years he was the Chairman of the Republican Committee of Richmond County, comprising Staten Island, where was his home, and frequently a delegate to State conventions. In 1884 he was a delegate to the Convention that nominated Mr. Blaine, opposed the nomination, refused to vote to make it unanimous, and in the canvass that followed supported Mr. Cleveland, as he did again in 1888. In 1863 he became the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY, and, with rare exceptions, the sole editorial writer. To the readers of this journal it is superfluous to recall his course. It is certainly not too much to say that during the period covering nearly the average lifetime of a generation, in which he performed the task assumed by him, he won an authority second to that of none and equalled very rarely. The characteristic of his work from first to last was his absolute fidelity to a high ideal, coupled with a conscientious review of his own conclusions and a perfectly sincere considerateness for the views of others when he believed them honestly held. Of his personal part in the politics of his time, it is permitted to speak with more freedom. While he remained with the Republican party—that is to say, while he could persuade himself that his party was true to itself, and was intelligently pursuing honorable aims—he gave it the most precious service—able, persuasive, convincing, and inspiring advocacy of what he believed right and clear, courageous and sagacious criticism of what he regarded as wrong. The antislavery cause enlisted his profoundest zeal; the cause of the Union, inseparably linked with that of freedom, commanded his unswerving and potent support. Later, when the perhaps inevitable errors of the party in power involved the nation in the trial of 1876 and 1877, the voice of Mr. Curtis demanding that partisan spirit be laid, and that patriotism in both parties provide a "way over which the President, be he Republican or be he Democrat, shall pass unchallenged to his chair," was heard and listened to.

But from 1870—that is to say, from the time when he was persuaded that the "fruits of the war" were harvested beyond all danger of loss or impairment—the work in which Mr. Curtis threw the greater part of his great power with the public was that of civil service reform. He was first enlisted in it by Mr. Jenckes, of his native State; but the disciple, as he modestly called himself, soon became the apostle, and from the time that he was named as Chairman of the Civil Service Commission of General Grant in 1871 to the delivery of his last address at Baltimore in April, 1892, as President of the National Civil Service Reform League, he was the leader of the movement. It is impossible within the limits of this sketch even to indicate the scope and variety of his service. In his reports as President of the Commission, he established the fundamental principles of the reform, defined the large lines of its methods, and erected its impregnable defence against all constitutional objection. As President of the League, not only each year did he review the progress of the cause, and arouse and instruct public sentiment in its support, but not a week, scarcely a day, passed that he was not aiding in the suggestion and direction of the work. He lived, happily, to see its substantial triumph, and when he passed away could have had no fear that his patient, unselfish, untiring effort in its behalf had been wasted.

With Mr. Curtis we lose the greatest American orator of our time. We think of him, linking his name with Beecher, with Phillips, with Sumner, some of us with Everett. He had some of the qualities of each; it is not unreasoned praise to say that he was the equal of any. His grace of manner was not less than that of Everett, while his native force of feeling was far greater. His wit was not so caustic as that of Phillips; it was more justly directed. He had not the quickness of sympathy of Beecher; his sympathy was steadier, his influence on his audience more lasting. He had hardly less majesty, at times, than Sumner; there were moments when he was even more impressive. Oratory with him was an art, carefully studied, subtly applied, but it was not art for art's sake; it was art, in the fine words of Victor Hugo, for humanity. Such addresses as those he delivered on the unveiling of the Washington Monument, on Sumner, on Phillips, on Lowell, were only in name "occasional." They will live as long as the subjects to which they were devoted, as long as the American reader shall care for patriotism, for freedom, for genius. And who that heard him will ever forget Mr. Curtis's "after-dinner speeches"—their gentle humor, their charm of form and manner, and the serious thought of which these were but the graceful and becoming drapery? He was very generous with this gift, but he never gave it lightly, for he was exceedingly averse to the reputation that too often accompanies it. And, moreover, he was a very hard-working man. With the air of deliberate thought and of elegant leisure that even the stranger to his ways noted, he was capable of sustained labor, and all his life was engaged in it. He faithfully renewed the springs from which he drew, was a systematic student both of books and of affairs, and held it a duty to reply promptly and courteously to any letter addressed him in good faith. Such offices as that of member of the State Constitutional Convention, which he held in 1867 and 1868; of Regent of the University, to which he was appointed about the same time; of President of the National Conference of Unitarian Churches; of President of the Metropolitan Museum—he filled with as painstaking care as if they were the sources of his sole occupation instead of incidental in a profession of itself arduous.

Mr. Curtis married, in 1856, Anna Shaw, the daughter of Francis George Shaw, and sister of Colonel Robert G. Shaw, and from that time made his home on Staten Island, spending several months each year at Ashfield, Massachusetts, where he had a country place near his friend Professor Norton. It was at the Staten Island home, after a long and painful illness, watched in its course with anxiety by innumerable friends, that he died, Wednesday, August, 31.

OLD BANJO AND BANJO'S BOB.

THIS is a story of a horse and a man. That it possesses in large measure the demerit of truthfulness is not the fault of the writer.

"Yuh couldn't hev him at no price, pard," said Gilmer & Salisbury's superintendent, "on'y the comp'ny's goin' to pull off this route. It sure seems like sellin' my own father to sell Ole Banjo, but yuh kin hev him fer two hundred even plunks. More'n thet, the game don't perceed less'n yuh hire Banjo's Bob fer his hostler."

On the way back from Helena, as we sat in the cupola of a caboose, looking out over our trainload of horses, Banjo's Bob told me of his namesake.

"He ain't much fer purty, Banjo ain't, but he's gosh awful fer good. Fer twenty year now I've hed him in my string, an' he ain't a day older in his feelin's than he was in '63 down in Kansas. He's thet proud-sperrited I reckon he'd die right thar ef he felt the whip. Twict Ole Banjo an' me hed a race weth Injuns. Onct down on the Niobrary they hed my station held up fer twelve hours, an' me a-peckin' away weth my Sharp's 50–150, an' minglin' lead weth their carcasses mighty free, an' then hed to make a break fer it weth Ole Banjo. I jest give him the word, an' he went through them Comanches like a hunter's teeth through a buffler hump. I got this finger shot off, an' Ole Banjo got a bullet through the tip of his off ear thet makes him look ez though he was swaller-forked. The Injuns chased us twenty mile, but they couldn't ketch Ole Banjo. His head an' tail was up, an' he jest nachully set the yearth on fire. I sure set a heap o' store by thet hoss. Another time I was hostler at an eatin' station on the Cheyanne route to the Black Hills, an' the Sioux got over there on a scalpin' tower. Ole Banjo was nigh led-hoss in a six team of the unbustedest broncos thet ever was strung out ahead of a stage. Well, sir, one day we heard the cluckety-cluck of the stage wheels about an hour before time, an' we knowed from the way the clucks was a-comin' so frequent thet somethin' was the matter. In another minute here she come around a little butte, Ole Banjo jest a-pawin' the air on a level trot, an' all the broncos on a dead run. They wa'n't no driver on the box, but Ole Banjo jest started a-circling' round the station an' milled 'em tell they come to a stop right in front of the door. Thet's on the dead thievin' square. I hain't tryin' to run no wheezer on yuh, fer I learned him thet trick way back in the sixties. When the coach stopped we seen the driver in the front boot all dobbled weth blood. He'd ben shot in the head from one o' them rifles the guvment donates to the Injuns fer sich amoosement. We jest started to git him out when round the butte come a hull war party of Sioux, a-yellin' an' makin' medicine most onmusical. We hustled the team inter the station dinin'-room, an' begun turnin' loose on the Injuns. They was me an' the comp'ny blacksmith an' the eatin'-house man an' his wife an' babby an' Vic Smith, an ole buffler-hunter. We made it plenty onpleasant fer the Injuns, an' Vic he got his man every time but onct, an' then he got the Injun's cayuse. But the house wan't much pertection, an' ez the Injuns kep' pervadin' 'roun we sorter agreed thet one on us must go fer help. Ole Banjo hed jest come in fum an eighteen-mile route, an' the last six mile a-keepin' ahead of a gang of Injuns, but I knowed he was good fer forty mile more, an' begun gittin' him ready. His backbone an' ribs didnt't stick out so free in them days, an' I jest thought I would go it bar'back an' weth ony a hackamore roun' his nose. Yuh see, the hackamore was on'y a hair rope weth no buckles to jingle. Well, it come along dark purty soon, an' I tore up a pair o' pants an' wropped 'em aroun' Ole Banjo's feet so his shoes wouldn't clink agin the gravel. When it come plum dark I got on Ole Banjo in the dinin'-room an' rode out toward Cheyanne. We hadn't gone fur when I see an Injun not five foot ahead. He hadn't no idee they was any one on the hoss's back, an' he jest thought things was a-comin' too easy when good stage-hosses walked into him that-a-way. He put up his hand to ketch Ole Banjo by the fore-top, an' me all the time layin' along his neck weth my gun three inches ahead of Ole Banjo's nose. I wa'n't two foot away when I let the Injun hev it right between the eyes. Well, they ain't much more to tell. I jest rode Ole Banjo like the devil a-beatin' tan-bark fer the forty mile inter Cheyanne. I started fum the station at jest nine o'clock, an' rode inter Cheyanne at twelve. In half an hour we was on our way back weth a squad of cavalry, an' a little arter four we rode up to the station. All the Injuns was gone 'ceptin' the one I hed located permanent an' three others which Vic hed made good, an' which the other Injuns hadn't kerried off. But I want yuh to notice thet Ole Banjo went that eighty mile in seven hours, an' never missed his reg'lar trip over the route neither.

"Banjo's got a heap more sense than some folks has got hay. Lots o' times he has saved a coachful o' passengers fum goin' into a washout when the night was so dark the driver couldn't see the leaders. One night up in Moutanny it was jest nachully stormin' pizen, an Ole Banjo was on the Deer Lodge trail. Of course he was in the lead, but the driver was a new one, an' hadn't been told thet Ole Banjo savvied his business better'n ary driver thet ever pulled a rein over him. The road wa'n't but eight foot wide in places, weth a mounting straight up on one side an' a precipice miles down on the other. The driver hadn't been over the road but once, an' then in the dark, and he felt mighty prayerful when a flash o' lightnin' would come an' let him look down in the yearth about seven mile. He sure didn't feel none gay at the vistas. But all to once Ole Banjo stopped, an' the rest o' the team knew enough not to make no bluff when Banjo asked fer a show down. The driver done his best tuh git the team tuh move, but they all waited to see Banjo's hand. Finally the driver waked up a passenger who was sleepin' in the front boot on the mail-sack, an' give him the ribbons to hold while he went ahead to spy out the trouble. He found a plenty, fer he was almost touchin' a big grizzly-bar when a flash o' lightnin' showed him his mistake. Well, yuh see, the driver hadn't lost no bar, and the man a-holt o' the lines swore he never touched but one high place tell he jumped on the box. The driver tole me he all to once weighed three ounces lighter'n a straw hat, an' jest flew over the team. They wa'n't no chance tuh turn the team, er the coach an' the hull outfit hed tuh stay thur an' shiver tell it was light enough to see. Then they shot the bar an' found it had busted an inside surcingle er somethin' a-tumblin' down the mounting. But all the same, I want yuh to notice thet ary other hoss in the lead would a-jack-knifed the team, an' carried the hull outfit to kingdom come down the precipice. He's a sure good hoss, an' the man thet ever throws silk inter him er treats him bad hez got tuh make some medicine weth me, Joe Bush. He ain't never been outclassed in ary team he was ever into. He's worked in teams where yuh had to go up one side weth a broad-axe an' down the other weth a shovel a-knockin' 'em intuh the collar, but you bet yuh, Ole Banjo wa'n't never hit a clip. His tugs was allus a-drawin'."

One bitter cold day in January word came up the line that Old Banjo was dead. I jumped on the down coach, and as I dismounted at Cave Hills station it was with a feeling of surprise rather than anger that Banjo's Bob was not at hand to grasp the bits of the led team. But this feeling changed wholly to one of grief as I saw on the sunny side of the station a rude mound surmounted by a headstone of rough boards. With harness dressing for paint, and his finger for a brush, Banjo's Bob had inscribed the following epitaph:

HEAR LIES OLE BANJO
The best stage hoss That ever
Looked thrue A
Collar.
Murdered Jan. 3 1885 by Cheyann Bill
Throwin the silk into him.

I hastened into the station, half expecting to see the dead body of Banjo's Bob swinging from a rafter. But he was made of different stuff. He had used the boards of his bunk for the headstone of Banjo's grave, and burned his supply of fuel in thawing the clods which he had blasted out with dynamite to make a grave for his namesake.

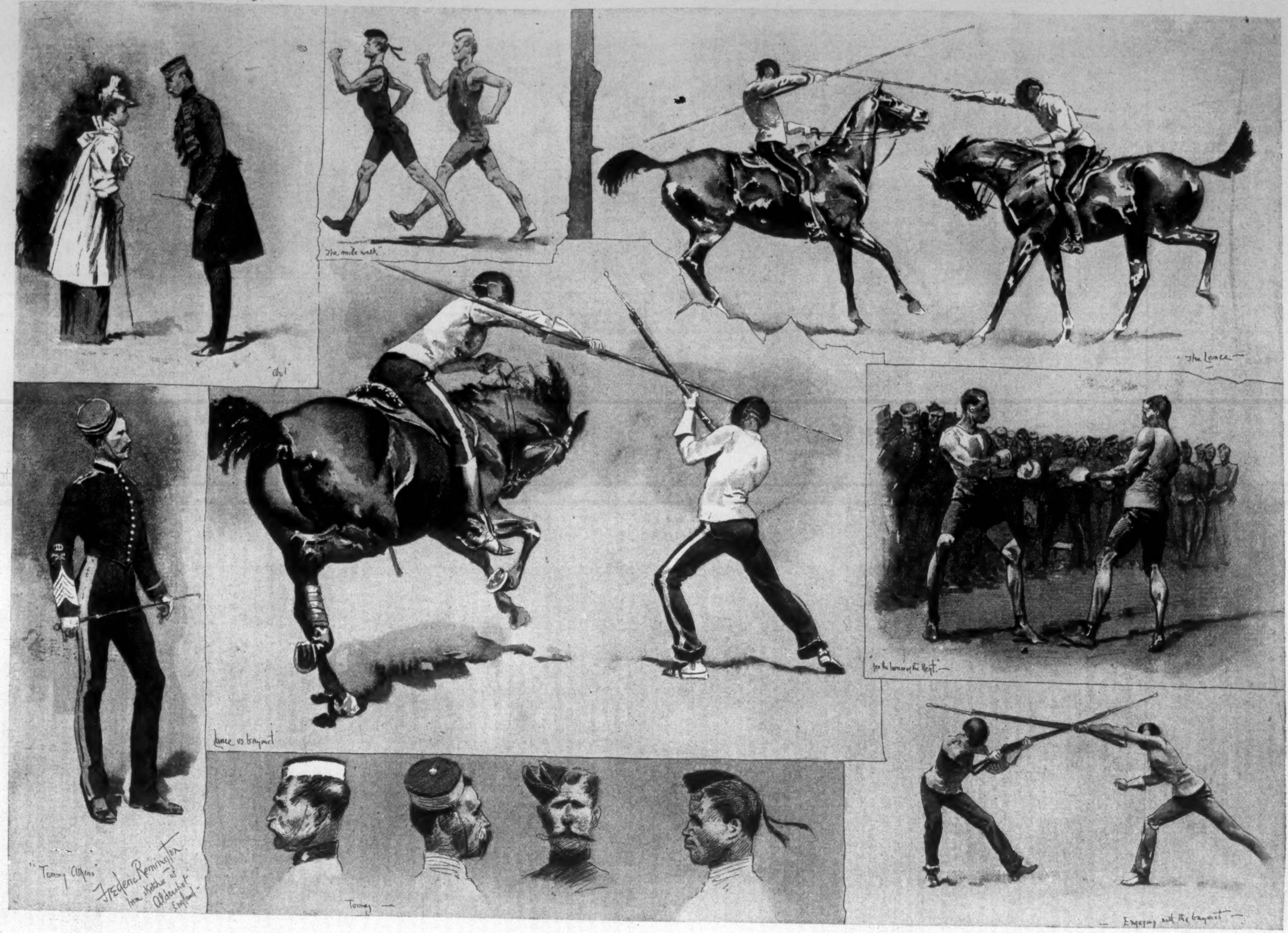
"Howdy, boss? I'm goin' to quit yuh. I like yuh all right, but I hain't got nothin' tuh live fer now but tuh make medicine weth Cheyanne Bill. If yuh 'll jest give me my time, I'll go up to Medory an' git my stuff an' start after him. Monday night a week the swing team come in lame, an' I had to send out a four team weth Cheyanne Bill. I knowed he was too free weth the silk, an' I tole him not to throw it inter Ole Banjo, not on no account whatever. Well, sir, he drove inter Middle Grand weth a spike team. My pore Ole Banjo was a-lyin' dead three mile back. They was a rattler in the road thet Ole Banjo must 'a' saw, an' he crowded over to the off side. Cheyanne Bill didn't take no notice 'ceptin' thet Banjo was out o' line, an' he raised his whip an' throwed the silk inter him. It ain't much to most hosses, an' it ain't nothin' to some, but it was murder to my ole hoss. He hadn't never felt the sting o' the silk, an' he knowed as well as a human thet he didn't ought to feel it. It broke his heart right thur. He jest give a spring in the air an' come down in a heap. He didn't suffer none 'ceptin' fer the one lick thet murdered him. Russ Wilson, foreman of the E6 outfit, come along next mornin', an' I hired a mule team of him fer eight dollars a day to haul my ole hoss back to the station. Russ was mighty uppity about lettin' me hev the team at any price. But when I tole him it was to bury Ole Banjo, he jest let me hev two teams fer nothin', an' sent one of his cow-punchers to Deadwood to buy dynamite fer blastin' out the grave. More'n thet, he come all the way over from the E6, an' brought every one of his boys, to give a military funeral to my ole hoss. The obs'quies was accordin' to Hoyle, you bet, an' the boys all fired a salute over the grave weth all the cartridges in their six-shooters. But I cain't stay no longer in sight of his grave weth Cheyanne Bill on top of ground. It 'ud drive me locoed in a week. I've got enough stuff comin' to strike Bill's trail, an' I'll never leave it tell I've made medicine weth him. I hear he didn't dast stop at the end of his run, but kep' a-goin', and left the coach in the Bad Lands, an' struck across country fer Mingusville. He'll sure make his first stop in Hele-naw, an' I may ketch up weth him thar. Anyways, I'll foller him tell I find him. Ef I don't find him in this world I'll go to hell to find him in the next, an' I'll squirt coal oil on him, an' watch him squirm while it's burnin'. I hain't got nothin' to live fer 'ceptin' on'y jest that."

Yesterday, more than seven years after Old Banjo's death, I opened a paper sent me from Las Vegas, New Mexico. Huge black lines smelling of harness dressing were drawn about the following article:

"Cheyenne Bill was shot and instantly killed in the Maverick saloon yesterday by a man calling himself Banjo's Bob. The coroner's jury acquitted the prisoner, as it was shown that Cheyenne Bill had pulled his gun, and turned loose at him as soon as he entered the door."

In defiance of Uncle Sam's postal laws there was scrawled immediately under the black lines:

"i sed i wuld make Madecin weth Cheyann an i done it.
BANJO'S BOB."


"Ah!"
"The mile walk"
"The Lance"
"for the honor of the Regt."
Lance vs bayonet
"Tommy Atkins"
Frederic Remington
from sketches at Aldershot England
Tommy
Engaging with the bayonet

AN ATHLETIC TOURNAMENT OF THE BRITISH ARMY AT ALDERSHOT.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 882.]

CAIRO

BY CAMILLE PELLETAYE.

I.

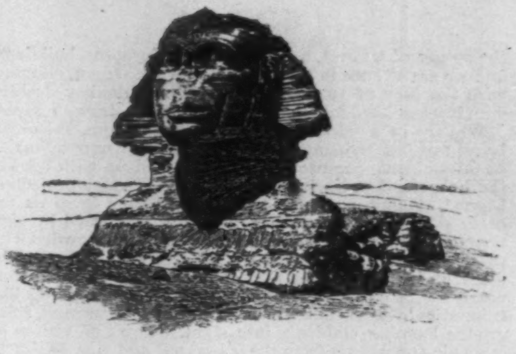
ON leaving the station at Cairo the traveller enters the Esbekiyeh, once a vast open space as wide as the Place de la Concorde in Paris, before it was enclosed by palisades for the making of the square which now occupies a considerable portion of it.

In olden times a marvellous sight greeted the visitor to the Esbekiyeh, for it was occupied by an Arab market; and Marilhat's masterpiece, brought from the East in the noble days of Romanticism, was a perfect revelation of the beauties of the Orient. But when I first made acquaintance with this same Esbekiyeh, now, alas! a good twenty years ago, the European quarter had long since invaded it. The venerable mimosas of Marilhat's picture now cast their light shadows upon what are always the first innovations introduced to Africa by the civilization of the West—houses in the Italian style, painted rose-color, yellow, or sky-blue; English hotels, with flights of steps and verandas; wine shops, cafés, and cafés chantants, with other characteristic features of the European Levant, haunted by motley crowds of every race, and strange-looking hybrids wearing the red fez of the East, with a collarless coat, jostling each other on the roads and foot-paths, with here and there, in startling contrast to them, a true bit of the old Orient, grand-looking figures in flowing robes, veiled women, serpent-charmers, exhibitors of cynocephalic apes or huge camels of fantastic appearance, recalling the grave and sombre figures of Arab tales or Egyptian bass-reliefs.

To enter the true Cairo, the Cairo of the East, one has but to go to the first stand for donkeys and hire a steed. Such stands are to be seen outside every hotel on the Esbekiyeh; and it is not necessary to have been to Egypt to be familiar with the appearance of Oriental donkeys, for numbers of their owners flocked with them to Paris to see the Eiffel Tower at the time of the exhibition. The European knows well that the ass of the East is very unlike the hairless, ill-tempered, obstinate, broken-down beast of the West. Descendants of the fleet coursers of the desert, the donkey of Cairo can emulate the feats of the ancestors whose portraits adorn tombs six thousand years old. Homer compared them to Ajax; a member of their family harangued the prophet Balaam; another served as palfrey to Christ himself. How many families enumerated in the Almanach de Gotha can claim a lineage as distinguished? Quick, full of nervous force, and though small, with well-knit frames and dainty feet, they have a wonderfully intelligent and spirited appearance, and give themselves the airs of a pretty woman. There is not a heavy Bedouin between Assouan and Alexandria that they could not carry and trot about with all day long. The French soldiers of 1797 nicknamed them the "Savants," after the members of the Institute who accompanied the expedition.

But the donkey is not complete without the donkey-boy. This "boy" wears a long blue blouse and a felt hat. He directs and urges on his beast, follows it about like its shadow, can, if need be, run for ten hours at a stretch, and for all this receives but a few sous. Full of fun, cynic humor, and tricks, he is the very counterpart of the street Arab of Europe. For foreigners he pours out a jargon made up of some twenty words of Italian, with as many of French and English, garnished with a few guttural Arab expressions, and supplemented by an energetic pantomime of signs. Another peculiarity is that his name is always Ahmed or Mohammed.

THE CITADEL OF CAIRO.

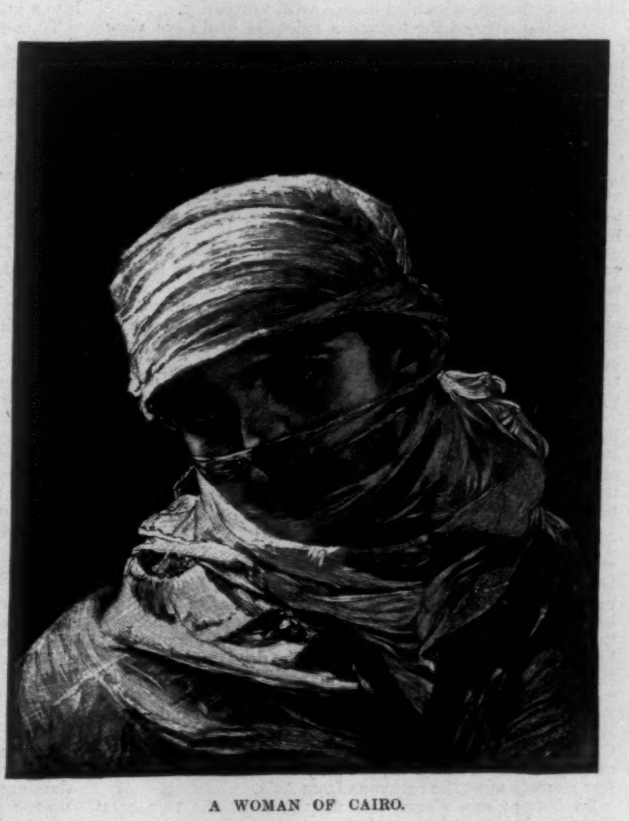


THE GREAT SPHINX.

Directly you approach a station for donkeys, you are besieged by the donkey-boys, who seize upon you, and, after a brief struggle, you find yourself the captive of one, when you have nothing more to do than mount your steed.

ARAB WOMAN.

Unfortunately the Arab saddle not only has a bump in front, covered with bright red leather by way of a bit of local color, which bump throws the rider on to the crupper, but the stirrups are fastened to one strap, which works like a pulley; so that directly you set foot in one stirrup, down it goes, whilst the other flies up. The Cairo donkey, who is a born trickster, generally chooses this moment to start, and the rider is in danger of measuring his length upon the sacred soil of Egypt. This is, however, a necessary training for donkey-riding, as the Cairo asses have as many ways of throwing you as Rabelais's Panurge had of making money.



A WOMAN OF CAIRO.

Once off, you are at the mercy of the donkey and his driver, the latter never ceasing to excite the former with blows from his stick, guttural cries, harsh exclamations, and, above all, a kind of strange, long-prolonged, half-whispered modulation. Don't attempt to moderate your pace at all; you will only waste your time. The donkey has two paces—a trot, which bumps you about like a shower of blows; and a gallop, which is comparatively delightful. But it changes from one to the other perpetually, and the transition shakes you up, and nearly pitches you off, you feel you don't care where. Moreover, when at the height of its speed, your eccentric steed is sometimes seized with an excess of piety, and suddenly flops down on its knees, sending you over its ears to follow its example a little farther on. Then there is not an obstacle in his path, whether it be a wall or another donkey, that he does not take care to rub you against. One would imagine that he wished to relieve himself by rubbing of the pressure of your legs against his body, or that, like the camel of the gospels, he has a fancy for going through the eye of a needle. After all, however, one ends by adoring these swift and willing little beasts, in spite of, perhaps on account of, their very faults. They are friends of a nature a little too facetious, but still they are friends.

But now we are in the saddle! We are off at a gallop! We turn the corner of a street, we pass the last European buildings, and we are at once in the very heart of the Orient, clinging, with the help of two stirrups, to a mad donkey dashing with lowered head into the very scenes of the *Arabian Nights*.

We are in a labyrinth of tortuous and quaint-looking lanes, turning, twisting, ending abruptly, or unravelling in an interminable perspective; lanes blocked up with houses, the irregular façades jutting out, with one story projecting beyond another, and here and there meeting those on the other side so as to form a regular roof, succeeded by gaps through which pours blinding sunshine; alleys crowded with passers-by, in which you rub shoulders with negroes, Nubians, and fellahs, Arabs, etc., and are every now and then nearly swept down by fresh currents of traffic rushing like tributaries into the main stream; a bewildering turmoil, fresh groups looming suddenly into sight, a series of visions of fantastic apparitions from the *Thousand and One Nights*, in which we seem to recognize the old beliefs of our childhood.

The first impression is positively overwhelming, as we pass through the covered passages, and see the hurrying, weird-looking, shadowy crowds in the dim light, succeeded by a blaze of light and color, a noise of many voices, and a series of gleaming, shining bazars, full of life and motion; then silence, and deserted houses crumbling into ruins, with here and there an arched gateway blocking up the street, and minarets rising up from each story of terraced buildings, an endless labyrinth, in which we seem to be going round and round, and from which there is apparently no way out.

But at last, at the end of a tortuous and shadowed alley, we come into a wide sunlit square, with a grand mass of buildings before us, a regular Acropolis, one group of fortifications rising above another in picturesque irregularity. We have reached the Citadel of Cairo. A pile of crumbling, scorched, and gloomy-looking masonry rests against the rampart wall closing the square, and a wide gate opens for our passage, flanked by two large, round, crenellated, and machicolated towers. The whole is crowned, as with a tiara, by a soaring white alabaster mosque, rising from a pedestal more than nine hundred feet high, and with its majestic dome set between two lofty but delicate alabaster minarets, which rise with airy grace to twice the height of the cupola.

The Citadel is reached by a gentle gradient, accessible to carriages, and the buildings occupy the platform at the top and part of the slopes, being divided by walls into different quarters and into something like districts at different levels. They include mosques, palaces, cannon foundries, powder manufactories, coining-rooms, etc. The Citadel is, in fact, a town in itself; and to supply the garrison with water, and save it from dying of thirst, Saladin sunk a well fed from the Nile. I have myself seen the water brought up by a process in use at the time of the Crusades. In the narrow space where the mouth of the well opens, and which is enclosed by walls made of huge blocks of stone, two buffaloes fastened to horizontal beams turned and set in motion the grating machinery which brought the water from the depths of the well. It was not exactly the latest scientific method, but Decamps would have made a curious picture of the cyclopean masonry, the patches of sunshine and shadow, the rude and primitive apparatus, and the grand black quadrupeds with lowered crests working it.

It is from a fine esplanade at the summit of the Citadel that the terraced mosque rises. It was here that the famous massacre of the Mamelukes took place on the 1st of May, 1811, by order of Mohammed Ali. It is said that one of them escaped by leaping, or making his horse leap, from the terrace into the moat; but equally incredible legends are connected with nearly all terraces above precipices. It was Mohammed Ali, who owed some atonement to the god of the Koran who had the mosque built on the scene of his crime; and this act of piety seems to have propitiated Heaven for the butchery, for it had the best results for the illustrious despot, who died loaded with prosperity.

From the edge of the terrace a splendid bird's-eye view can be obtained. Immediately beneath us is the terraced town, too shut in for the streets to be distinguishable, with its hundreds of minarets forming a compact grayish-yellow mass, as indistinct as a great crowd of people, and melting gradually into the country.

Beyond the city, stretching into the distance as far as the eye can reach, is the low plain, the black mud of Egypt, dotted with microscopic objects, tiny swellings representing villages, and patches of shadow which are groves of dates, the whole framed by the discolored line of the horizon, where the earth melts into the pallid sky.

On the right is a wall of scorched rock riddled with fissures, connected behind us with the mountains, on the last declivity of which we stand. A gleaming belt of white sand skirts the base of the rocks on one side, and on the other is merged in the plain, widening on the east towards Suez into the vast stretch of the Asiatic deserts. A series of little brick-colored monuments, looking as if they were toy jewels set in the sand, succeed each other like a procession of pilgrims on the way to Mecca.

On the left, beyond the Nile, which is hidden by its banks, its presence only betrayed by their outlines, a slim yellow streak reveals the other desert, that of Africa. From its clear-cut line rise the three-cornered tapering pyramids, those weird and awful monuments, which are such a distinctive feature of the view from Cairo.

From this point the whole town can be seen at a glance. The nucleus of Egypt has ever been the three-sided delta where the vessels from Alexandria meet the caravans from Damascus. Here, almost before the dawn of history, rose up Memphis, the ancient capital of Egypt. On the other bank, a little behind us, the pyramids mark on the horizon the extreme limit of the Necropolis of the Pharaohs. A bridge of boats led to this abode of the dead, and a fortress guarded the entrance to that bridge. The conqueror, who soon after the death of Mohammed besieged and took this fortress, built a mosque on the site of his camp, and a capital roundabout the mosque. This capital was the ancient Cairo. The present Cairo is the capital of Amr, the general of Khalif 'Omar, which capital may be said to have taken a few steps to meet the caravans from Asia.

So that at one glance one may gaze at the two great Egypts of the past, presenting a most striking contrast to each other. First we have the mysterious and indestructible Egypt of the Pharaohs, which has left upon the soil of the valley of the Nile an indelible impress. Ten conquests, twenty centuries, and four or five successive civilizations have passed over this Egypt without corroding its granite. Vainly has one race after another heaped upon the primitive soil the tokens of its ephemeral existence. The fragile buildings have fallen down in a heap of confused ruins, and from beneath their débris reappears the native rock engraved with the cartouche of Ramses, whilst against the horizon of the Egypt of the English domination still rise up the mighty pyramids, preserving the memory of the people who, to quote from the hieroglyphic inscriptions, implanted in the soil these "eternal stones."

Then we have Mohammedan Egypt, which is set upon the surface of the soil alone. The vast city, built on dry mud, the site of which has been several times changed by the caprice of its masters, with its rapidly built fairylike architecture, though but three centuries old, already crumbling into ruins, was never much more than a large Asiatic encampment, removed from the neighboring desert to the fertile soil of the Nile Valley, recently conquered by the wandering followers of the Prophet. At least half of its gates open on to prolific crops of cereals beneath thick canopies of foliage, or on to impenetrable thickets of cactus and of trees which have encroached upon the cultivated fields, whilst the others lead to the wide boundless tracts of gleaming sands which are the true native land of the Arab. This native land does but just touch Egypt. Islam took no deeper root here than did the Greece of the Ptolemies or the Rome of the Cæsars. What then will our European civilization effect? That is the secret of the future.

II.

Those who have dreamt of a many-colored Orient will be surprised when they penetrate into the old quarters of Cairo. The capital of Saladin is of the time of the rest of Egypt, that of the earth brought down by the Nile, and of which towns and villages are made. This earth is gray, resembling gray felt, and if it were not seen in the loveliest light in the world, it would look very gloomy.

Never were houses huddled together in a more inexplicable confusion. The narrow fissures which serve as thoroughfares in the town, and beside which the alleys of Venice would appear boulevards, follow an altogether haphazard course. The flight of an idle butterfly is straight in comparison to them. One may follow the same street for eight days in succession and not recognize it on the ninth.

The houses in these fantastic alleys are as irregular, rickety, and quaint as possible. The wall of the ground-floor, once nearly white, but now blackened with age, upholds, not, however, without bending beneath them, a series of stories echeloned on horizontal beams so as to project one beyond the other, and looking from below like the inside of a staircase. On the fronts of the upper stories are square balconies known as mushrebiyehs,[*] with lattice-work railings, some of exquisite workmanship. As the climate is so dry that it is not necessary to paint the wood, its light brown color harmonizes well with the gray of the walls, producing a peculiarly subdued effect. Windows are tabooed amongst Mohammedans, and are replaced by square openings, which are generally grated. The low door is never opened except in cases of necessity. Arabs are fond of immuring themselves, and their houses, so to speak, half close their eyes, only peeping at the street through the gratings of the mushrebiyehs. Every Arab dwelling is surmounted by a straight terrace.

Imagine a medley of such houses, differing *ad infinitum* in minor details, jutting out, receding, tottering forward, or tilted sideways, flanking a narrow tortuous street, which they render almost impassable; the soil of this street, the black mud of the delta, differing scarcely at all in color from the houses; the projections, overhanging stories, and balconies of which look like drawers pulled out with their contents all in confusion. Not an acute angle, not a crooked curve anywhere, in this medley of right angles. The houses look as if they had been drawn on the square, whilst above the whole is a streak of bright blue sky indented by a broken line of terraces of unequal length. The end of the street is bathed in a kind of transparent shade, on one side of which the reflections of the opposite houses are clearly defined by the brilliant sunshine. Such is the theme supplied by the streets of Old Cairo, worked up at every turn into a hundred capricious variations.

To complete the picture we have but to add that here and there the terraces meet above one's head, or beams supporting ceilings of planks are thrown across from house to house; or, more rarely, a canopy is formed with stuffs hung by cords, and drooping with its own weight. For the sun of Africa is very strong, and some streets are roofed into a kind of intermittent manner, so that streaks of shade and light alternate quaintly with each other on the ground below.

Almost every moment one comes to some relic of olden times amongst the dwelling-houses. Now it is a huge gateway flanked with towers, hidden half-way up by ruins, and adorned with a superabundant mass of decoration in the florid Arab style. A little further on we come, amongst a lot of nondescript buildings, upon an imposing-looking wall built in alternate red and white courses, with a single row of arched windows, eight or ten feet from the ground, which, although quite inaccessible, are carefully grated. This wall ends in a finely moulded crenellation. Behind it a lofty minaret surmounted by a delicately carved spire shoots up into the sky, whilst in a corner we catch sight of an exterior staircase leading up to the entrance of a mosque.

Or, again, we pass a round stone or marble pavilion, standing out from amongst the houses, the walls of the ground-floor pierced with arched windows, whilst above are light arcades covered with arabesques and crowned with a pointed roof. Although not a drop of water oozes out, this is a fountain; but water is a precious thing here, which dreads the sunlight, and the Arabs hide it in a well-secluded retreat. The ground-floor of the pavilion contains are servoir, while the upper floor is sacred to what is known as a mosque school, where all the scholars quench their thirst at one source. These pretty pavilions, or public fountains, are nearly all the gift of some wealthy person, whose name is engraved in the arabesques of the decorations.

The crowds jostling each other in these streets and alleys are of a most motley description. Europeans, accustomed as they are to find in every country they visit a population of its own, are astonished when they arrive in some great thoroughfare of the Orient. This is not merely the case at seaports, where, in spite of the presence of representatives of the most different races, one nationality is always predominant. People in Cairo have been so roughly shaken up together that there is not a corner in which every branch of the human family is not represented by one or more specimens. Every color of the skin, from opaque black to red scarcely touched with brown, and all the gradations of bronze, are seen in the faces of the passers-by. The family of this one came from the Caucasus or the table-lands of central Asia; that one had his origin on the Upper Nile or in Greece, and each has retained his distinctive physiognomy. Half the world has been laid under contribution to people a cross-road of Cairo!

The costumes are like the houses, and one seeks in vain in the streets of Cairo for the gleaming colors supposed to be preferred by the Oriental. The ordinary garment of the people is a sort of long flowing blouse of a dark blue color, the severity of which does not clash with the sober aspect of the town. In addition to this blouse the women wear a kind of veil so arranged as to cover the head like a hood, coming down as far as the eyebrows, where it meets a long piece of stuff fastened beneath the lower eyelids so as to leave an opening for the eyes, this second drapery completely hiding the lower portion of the face and falling down to the knees. The general effect of this costume is grand. The tall, delicately made figures, the outlines of which are defined by the long vertical pleats of the clinging stuff, impress one as full of grace, vigor, and dignity. One sees nothing but a mass of falling draperies from which the hands and feet, which are of a pale brick-color, peep out; but this mass is instinct with life, and the play of the muscles beneath it is suggested if not actually revealed. Many of the women carry astride on their shoulders a small child, who with perfect unconcern allows clusters of black flies to settle about its eyes.

All the women of the better classes have not, of course, this beautiful figure; some of them, indeed, are wrapped up in a most unpleasing fashion; but they all wear the inevitable Mohammedan veil, which is anything but accommodating at Cairo. Every one who has visited Mussulman towns knows this veil, and it is even with a feeling of fresh surprise that the foreigner finds himself face to face with all these veiled figures. There is an irritating and disquieting mystery about this perpetual disguise, and one cannot help finding something fantastic in the expression of the black eyes gleaming from the drapery masking the rest of the face, these eyes alone revealing the presence of a human soul within all this mass of stuff.

Cairo is, perhaps, the most lively town in all the world, and the solemn phlegm of the Arab is altogether absent in the Egyptian temperament, for every one is on the move, and that with an eager haste which reminds us of the scenes in the streets of Naples. Here and there we feel as if we had set our feet in a human ant-hill, as the sun-tanned children of the desert, fellahs of pure Egyptian rule, Nubians, Turks, and Abyssinians, hurry by, jostling plump, well-fed towns-people, trotting along on their donkeys with their legs trailing on the ground. Here comes a *Rawa*, all gleaming with gilding, his wide sash full of shining weapons, his white robe falling in Greek pleats to his knees, whilst the harness of his steed is of the splendid character which gives to these *gensdarmes* of the Orient the appearance of princes of some fantastic country. If by chance the road is much crowded when a Rawa wishes to pass, two couriers armed with sticks dash forward at a brisk trot, and with loud shouts drive the people back against the walls on either side. Behind this party comes the equipage of some great dignity, in which are seated the women of the harem escorted by their eunuchs. We have only time to catch a glimpse of the burly white figures, the veils perhaps of a more accommodating character than usual, before they too have passed by.

The appearance of Oriental shops is well known. A square cavity hollowed out of a wall two feet above the ground, that is a shop at Cairo. Strictly speaking, it is nothing more than a large rectangular niche opening on to the street, with no way out either at the back or the sides, in which, instead of a statue, is a merchant squatting amongst his wares, or a workman at his task. These shops, instead of being scattered about in different streets, as in Europe, are all together at certain corners; and when these corners are roofed in, they become a bazar. For there is not at Cairo a special structure for protecting these shops, as there is at Constantinople or at Tunis.

All these shops make curious pictures. There behind a mass of pots and pans, dishes and plates of red and yellow copper—some black and rusty with age, others spick and span with newness, with here and there gleams of the red or straw-colored gold so dear to painters of still-life subjects—an Arab is busy at *repoussé*-work, his hammering making a deafening noise which is heard afar off. Egyptian metal-work is very fine, with a dignity all its own, and the common ewer in use amongst the poorest is of really extraordinary beauty of style.

Further on we come to a collection of red, black, or gray earthen-ware; cheap stoves, pipes, and vases, engraved with ornaments in intaglio, painted blue or red. This common Egyptian pottery, disdained, I know not why, by dealers in Oriental ware, is extremely interesting. Its shape is often grand, and the forms found in Egyptian tombs have been preserved.

Next, gleaming like a border of jonquils and poppies with its masses of red and yellow, is a shoe-shop, a regular flower bed for color. And in the midst of a confusion of Turkish slippers in scarlet or saffron leather crouches the cobbler stitching away or drilling holes with his awl.

The bazar, *par excellence*, is broken up in an extraordinary manner. Fancy an alley so short that it is barely two hundred paces long; so twisted that you can only see a scrap of it at a time; so narrow that the houses seem to be scowling at and ready to fall upon their opposite neighbors; and beneath the dull-hued lean-to walls, in every nook and corner, are shops full of dazzling objects; many-colored Oriental stuffs, figured brocades, dainty Arab jewelry, gleaming daggers and sabres, ancient damascened helmets, silver wine bottles, spread out or piled up for sale. And amidst this confusion of stuffs, weapons, and jewels in glass cases, or of unfolded silks, is the merchant, squatting in the shadow and smoking with absolute indifference, his dreamy eyes gazing forth in a kind of ecstasy of melancholy, whilst before him, in the transparent bowl of his nargileh, at each breath he draws, floats a regular flotilla of rose leaves, dancing, whirling round, and suffering shipwreck amongst the big bubbles on the surface. These shrewd old merchants really look like poets lost in the third heaven of blissful contemplation.

Immediately after sunset the life and motion of Cairo cease, and it is a rare thing to meet a native returning home on a dark night with a white paper lantern in his hand, or to see an Arab café still lit up, and with the candles hung up round the door, making a brightness in the deserted street. If we want something to do for another hour, the only resource is to pay a visit to the *almehs*. Leaving the French quarter, you turn into a gloomy passage amongst tottering houses, and find yourself opposite to a long straight street of a somewhat sinister aspect. The same solitude everywhere, not a ghost of a passenger, absolute silence; but above each door flickers the flame of a little watch-light floating in a vessel of oil, and casting a ray of light upon the mud houses opposite.

As we advance and pass a door, a rustling and twittering as from an aviary begins in the mushrebiyehs above, yet no one is to be seen; we might fancy ourselves in the region of frozen words discovered by Panurge, so great is the whispering that falls from these well-closed walls. It is, however, merely the almehs inviting you to enter.

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[*] The meaning of this word is "drinking-vessel," and the name is given to the balconies, which are perforated at the bottom, because they are used for cooling water.—TRANS.

You have but to knock; the door opens, and a few minutes afterwards you are perhaps watching the famous *danse du ventre*, which appears a little out of its element when performed at the Champ de Mars in Paris, but is quite in character on an Egyptian terrace, when seen by the light of a lamp quivering in the open air, beneath the vast dome of the all but tropical sky thickly strewn with stars.

Nearly as many nationalities are represented amongst the dancers as in the crowds on the streets—from the Syrian, as white as a dove of Astarte, to the negress of the Upper Nile, with the well-developed muscles and the restlessness of a wild animal. Add to these some Nubian of a delicately defined African type, with a supple graceful figure, and a complexion the color of Florentine bronze, and side by side with it a face of which the high cheek-bones, short nose, and thick lips remind one of the profiles sculptured on the granite monuments of the Pharaohs. A head such as this might, if surmounted by the mural crown of Hathor, bear up the entablature of the Temple of Denderah; or girt with the fillet, from either side of which spring the triangular wings of the royal head-dress, it might rise from the lionlike neck of a sphinx crouching in the stone avenues of Karnak. Truly it is a thrilling experience to gaze in the quiet watches of the night on a form the aspect of which calls up the solemn mystery of ancient Egypt, and to listen to the tinkling of the coins with which the costume of the almeh is adorned, with an accompaniment of the strange rhythm of Arab music.

III.

This is Cairo. But, alas! the Cairo of twenty years ago. Old towns are disappearing, and modern parks and boulevards are everywhere springing up from the ruins of cities which bore the impress of the past ages of humanity. It must be owned that the modern town is a grand-looking place, but who shall reproach us for preferring that which is gone?

Some few monuments of the past, however, remain, and the capital of Egypt has preserved an incomparable collection of mosques. There is no doubt that it is at Cairo and in southern Europe that the best Arab architecture is to be seen. There is perhaps nothing at Cairo equal to the fairylike columns and arches of the Alhambra or to the bewildering forest of pillars of the mosque of Cordova. But Cairo has one inestimable advantage, and that is, it possesses monuments dating from a succession of centuries, beginning with the origin of Mohammedan art, and going down to its complete decadence. These monuments form the scattered leaves of a complete history of Arab architecture.

It is on the depopulated slopes which witnessed the birth of Cairo, but were afterwards abandoned by it amongst the sterile gray rubbish heaps marking the site of the old town, that we must seek what is probably the most ancient mosque in the world, that is to say, after those places of worship which belonged to earlier religions and were taken possession of by Islam. This mosque dates from a few years after the death of Mohammed, and was built by Amr, the lieutenant of Omar, as a thank-offering to God for the conquest of Egypt, and on the actual site where the victorious leader had encamped. The settling of some pigeons on his tent is said to have suggested to Amr the building of the city here, and, according to tradition, a column still standing amongst the ruins went and set itself up all alone in the most obliging manner in obedience to an order given to it, in the name of Allah, by the Mussulman chief.

There is, however, nothing miraculous about the building except its origin. Arab art did not, of course, exist when it was erected, and it was not likely to spring into being amongst the burnt stones of Hedjaz. Nothing could be more primitive than this first attempt at a mosque. A long red wall, pierced at the top by small grated windows, rises from a vast and dusty tract of sand. From behind this wall emerges a round tower, with clumsy embryonic minarets. The mosque itself is at the end of a vast court, and is upheld by rows of arcades, with columns taken from the ruins of Memphis, and great square pillars, the number of columns willing to obey the orders of Amr having probably been insufficient. The general aspect is very meagre; the remaining pillars, a great many having been taken away, are of all manner of shapes and sizes, and of an almost rude simplicity, whilst the wooden roofing is entirely without ornament. Thin beams flung across from one capital to another seem to uphold the tottering colonnade, and give to the mosque the appearance of a building from which the workmen were afraid to remove the temporary scaffolding. The mosque has an aspect alike of primitive crudity and of crumbling decay; the improvised temple of a temporary encampment, it is a fitting monument of an uncultured, conquering tribe from the desert.

It was not, however, long before a more ornate ornamentation was given to Arab buildings. But Islam had still no architecture of its own, and knew of no style but the Byzantine, then in a decadence not yet complete. At this period the old world was relapsing into barbarism, and nowhere was the art of carving stone or marble known. At Rome and Constantinople, as at Cairo, buildings were erected which were senile and tottering even in their infancy, made up of relics stolen from the huge ruins of antiquity, or of more fragile materials, which were all that the architects knew how to work. Arab art at first followed the models which happened to be at hand, as can be seen in the vast and sumptuous mosque of Toulon, which dates from the ninth century. The building is a deceptive structure made of bricks, faced with stucco. Bands of ornamentation, in the most pronounced Byzantine style, cross strips of interlaced letters, with fine mosaics on a black ground, all thoroughly Byzantine, combined at the entrance to the Mehrab, with marbles of all manner of colors, the whole roofed in by a timber-work ceiling of great beauty, relieving the general effect of the ancient edifice. The new style of architecture is, however, beginning to assert itself, peeping through, so to speak, the forms borrowed from Constantinople. The pointed and horseshoe forms of arch are clearly indicated in the arcades, and the minaret begins to separate itself from the great tower from which it first sprang, and to become an independent octagonal structure.

At last Saracen art, properly so called, was developed, and further radical change arrested. Byzantine ornamentation, with its roughly carved and fantastic mouldings and its quaint floral designs, was transformed by the genius of the Mussulman into a style all his own. This race from the desert, who for so long a period had had nothing to feed its fancy but vast stretches of sterile stones, was imbued with an indescribable superstitious dread of representing any of the teeming life of nature. Very soon all trace disappeared of the stem of the plant through which flows the sap in the stone traceries with which the Arab covered his buildings. Amongst the most characteristic and effective of the ornaments of Oriental architecture are its numerous stone stalactites. We note their germs in ancient mosques, some of the details, the pendentives, for instance, being carved into ogives or concave lozenges, which break the monotony of the surface. Later these designs become more complicated, and are developed into an efflorescence of crystals, or into regular honeycombs of stone, now falling in long pendants from the roof, now shrinking into a small compass and filling up all the niches, nestling beneath the cornice and the vaulting, or spreading out in the wide spandrels of the arches. Beneath the vast cupola the effect is magnificent, and one seems to be looking up into the roof of an enchanted cave. The Oriental arch, universally employed in Egypt, where the horseshoe arch of Cordova is almost unknown, is less pointed and of wider span than the Gothic. Massive pillars have disappeared, and the arcades are all upheld by slender Arab columns. The minaret is at its fullest development, and who would recognize, in this airy spire of carved stone, the heavy primitive tower from which it first sprung? It is no longer the round smooth pole, with an extinguisher roof, of the mosques of Constantinople. All the Arab passion for geometrical forms is mirrored in the infinite variety and caprice of the ornamentation of the Egyptian minaret. As it tapers heavenwards it changes its form again and again, now square, now round, now octagonal, but everywhere covered with stone traceries, and at each transition it bears, like a ring of great price, a light projecting balcony.

It would be an endless task to trace the various developments of this marvellous style of architecture, as illustrated in the forty mosques of Cairo. One of them, the celebrated Gâm'a-el-Azhar, has an exceptional religious importance, as it is the headquarters of Mussulman fanaticism. The finest monument, however, of this or of any other period at Cairo is the magnificent Gâm'a-el-Hasanen, most severe and dignified in style, most rich in ornamentation.

On the outside this mosque is like nearly all buildings of the kind, merely a block of massive closed walls, without decoration. But the porch, situated, as is usual, in a corner at the top of a flight of steps, is the most sumptuous imaginable, and the finest etching needle would fail to give an idea of its colonnades, carved like Chinese ivory, and its arabesques, beside which the finest lace would appear coarse, its stalactites, like carbuncles, with a hundred facets. This porch opens on to a square vestibule worthy of its gateway. A vast pointed arch surmounts each wall, and frames a design in gleaming many-colored marbles. The vestibule in its turn leads to a passage from which one obtains, through half-open doors, a vista of a court, corridors, and various buildings, with the mosque, properly so called, beyond.

This mosque is of a structure not met with elsewhere, consisting not of an open space with a roof upheld by rows of columns, but of a vast central court, each of the four sides opening into a vast nave roofed with arched vaulting, and resembling deep, wide-stretching, lofty caves.

The walls of the central court are bare, but in the centre the fountain for ablutions is roofed in by a kind of octagonal kiosk in the Indian style, with a smaller kiosk beside it, the two looking rather like a parent and a child. Both are of the most fairylike appearance, with their variegated colors, their slender columns of delicately carved wood, and their roofs with corners turning inwards and surmounted by egg-shaped cupolas.

Three of the four side rooms are empty, and appear to be disused. The fourth alone is used as a mosque. Its wall and roof are of a grand simplicity, the ground is covered with mats, and lamps for illumination and ostrich eggs hang low down, suspended by silken cords from the vaulting. The pulpit of marble marqueterie is a marvellous piece of work.

Buildings of later date than the close of the middle age are of no interest whatever. The vigor of Mohammedan art was already sapped at the time of the European Renaissance, and that period of revival passed over the degenerate descendants of the founders of Islam without awaking a spark of genius.

IV.

The gates of the town must be passed, for the country is very beautiful in the immediate neighborhood of Cairo. Nothing could differ more from the ordinary Egyptian landscape, and the solemn melancholy of its grand outlines, than does the exuberant vegetation on every side. Huge trees, so rare everywhere else on the shores of the Nile, where one generally sees nothing but the invariable clump of date-trees rising above the houses, here form masses of thick verdure. The rough yet supple stems of the date-palms, fed from a better soil, shoot up more vigorously and have more luxuriant crowns of leaves, with heavier bunches of fruit, the gleaming colors of which vary from yellow to red and violet. The tall succulent plants of the south, such as the aloe, with its upright flower-bearing stem springing from a cluster of swordlike leaves; the cactus, with its thick fleshy stems branching like corals and studded with excrescences as large as pheasants' eggs—all these weird vegetable forms, with their dull coloring, and a kind of metallic lustre about them making them look like candelabra or suits of armor, abound on every side, covering whole districts with their thorny thickets, and springing forth with even greater vigor where the soil is encumbered with ruins or with deserted buildings.

We have still to turn to the desert on the other side. We begin our wanderings by passing through a series of suburbs with much to interest and divert us, the exuberant foliage of the country already mingling with the tumble-down houses of the lanes. The streets swarm with passengers, bursts of music are heard from the cafés, and the whole is bathed in the finest light in the world. Gradually the houses become more thinly scattered, and at wider intervals the vegetation becomes sparser, and the void begins, until, at last, neither habitation nor tree is to be seen, nothing but the undulations of the gray dusty plain, without so much as a blade of the grass which everywhere in Egypt marks the site of villages, towns, or hamlets that have now disappeared. Then the horizon widens, the dust changes in color. It is sand now; we are in the desert; and this is the scene spread out before us:

In the distance a lofty chain of rocks, gleaming like gold in the sunshine, with sharply defined oblique ridges seamed with long belts of limestone, the deeply serrated crests standing out against the sky like the skeleton of a huge mountain. At our feet is the vast sheet of grayish-yellow sand, its wide undulations spreading out on every side, and seeming to dash against the base of the rocks in dusty spray.

This stretch of sand is dotted with a series of little monuments, mosques, chapels, and sanctuaries, bristling with minarets, domes, and cupolas, or with pointed roofs, their red stone outlines standing out against the clear background of the sand and rocks.

The whole of this district is of mineral formation, without vegetation and without shade. Parched and burnt by the fiery sunshine, its mountains, plains, and buildings display every gradation of the scale of warm coloring—golden, russet brown, and lurid red—peculiar to rock in tropical heat. The whole is lit up by a blinding blaze of light, the incomparable light of Egypt, so clear, so vivid, and so powerful that when you see it for the first time you feel as if a veil had fallen from your eyes.

Here and there, about a mile apart, are two or three buildings with solemn-looking walls surmounted by finials with sculptured domes, minarets, and doors, round about which are grouped some half-dozen little edifices, kiosks, and chapels, which may be characterized as the small-change of more important monuments, all belonging to one style, and, as it were, to one family. Imagine little cubes of masonry with projecting cells at the bottom, from which issue, like the different pieces of a telescope, square stages with the four low triangular corners succeeded by round or octagonal towers, the whole surmounted by an extinguisher roof, pointed eight-sided pyramids, or pointed cupolas, resembling damascened helmets! Walls, minarets, domes, finials, are all loaded with ornaments, columns, string-courses, and key-stones of different shades of color, sham denticulated arcades framing circular-headed or round windows, projecting balconies, from the corners of which hang bunches of stalactites, empty arched niches with the inner surface covered with decoration, square, triangular, and round sunk panels, one within the other; stars overlapping, crossing, and entangled in each other, intersecting traceries forming lattice-work, rosettes, and endless intricate patterns; whilst here and there at certain breaks in the scheme of ornamentation, in angles or other openings, are small chiselled geometrical figures, in the production of which the playful humor of the architect seems to have culminated.

Luxuriant and bewildering, but lifeless fancy. No face of man or of chimera gazes forth on us with stony eyes; no foliage entwines its stems and tendrils. Not a sprig in these festooned arabesques, in this erratic vegetation, bears leaf or bud. One might imagine it to have been evolved in some other planet, all of rock, where no plant ever sprouts, so algebraic is this decoration with its combinations of cubes, prisms, and cones, its octagons, stars, and zigzags; and one is overwhelmed with astonishment at this exuberant mathematical vegetation, which weaves its intersections and multiplies in accordance with an equational system.

The stone-work of these buildings is broken; it has been cracked and defaced; its ornaments have been tampered with or removed. There are breaks in the string-courses, the outlines are scratched, the arabesques are crumbling away as if from the blows of a hammer, and the walls, fragments of which are strewn on the sand beneath, are haunted by lizards.

If you would know what are the contents of these magnificent shrines, one glance within will suffice. The door opens into a single room, empty but for the sand, which is gradually filling it up, and altogether useless. It cannot be called a chamber; it is but a little gloomy enclosure, rather like the inside of a sculpture in relief.

And all about these monuments the desert—nothing but the desert. Not one of the houses of Cairo, though it is close at hand, can be seen, nor a tree of the country just left behind. We are in a depression of the ocean of sand which extends from here to Mecca and to Bagdad. Winding along at the base of the buildings are strings of camels, looking as if they were all fastened by their flat muzzles to a single cord, the bells about their harness giving forth a shrill and jangled sound. It is here that caravans start; and the sight of the huge, quaintly formed beasts, with their prominent knees, jogging along, jerking their necks from side to side at every step, as they disappear in the wide yellow waste, gives one an idea of the strange journeys across the flaming desert, the wide dim track marked by bleaching bones, which journeys make up the life and inspire the dreams of nomad tribes.

And one wonders who gave to the desert the magnificent yet ridiculous gift of all the wonderful but empty caskets described above, as if the accursed city of Arab legend, condemned to wander forever amongst the clouds, had dropped, as it passed, some of its palaces, chapels, and domes into the desolate waste.

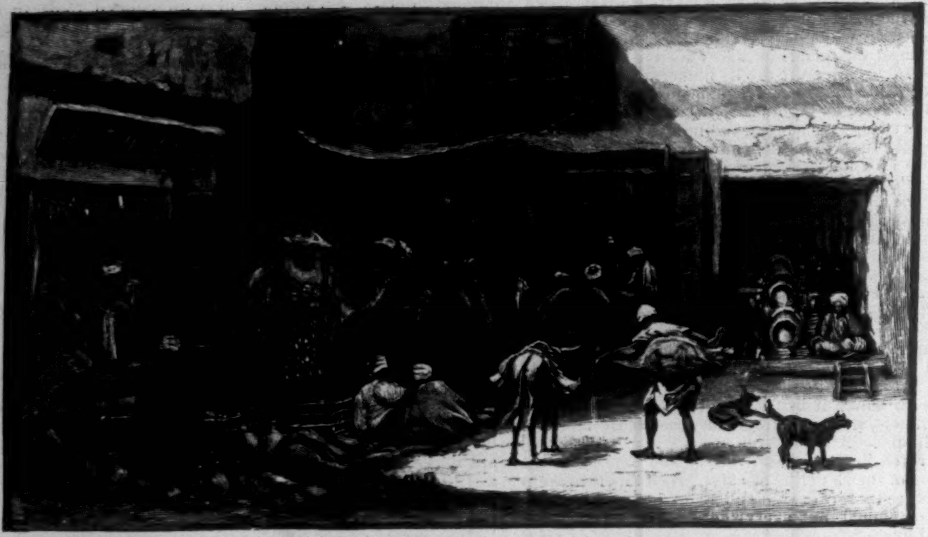
We have now reached one of the two or three monuments about which cluster little supplementary buildings. It looks like a square stronghold, the white central part protected by massive crenellated walls, bristling with buttresses. From within these walls rise two domes, of no particular beauty, but completely covered with ornaments, and two minarets carved from top to bottom. No openings are to be seen but a few narrow windows quite at the top, and at one corner an insignificant little porch, quite out of proportion with the building of which it is the entrance, this porch draped with stalactites, and enclosing a door to which lead up a few steps. At the opposite corner, high up in the massive wall, is a pretty loggia, its three-pointed arches springing from dainty marble columns. If one were not so near to the seat of a British Protectorate occupied in converting the national debt at five per cent., one might imagine one's self at the gate of one of the mysterious castles met with in the most remote districts by the one-eyed dervishes of Scheherezade's tales.

We enter. All is empty and deserted. A court strewn with ruins and skirted by arches; an enormous wooden pulpit, with a staircase and a canopy, all elaborately carved and perforated; such a monument as one might have expected to be the work of the gimlet, plane, drill, and chisel of a gnome of genius commissioned to sculpture a cathedral for Queen Mab.

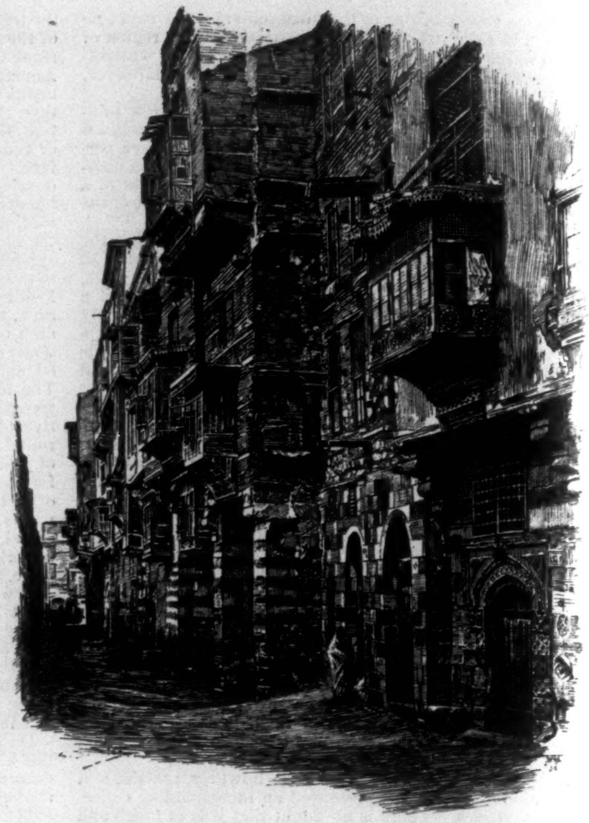
We pass through yet another door, and find ourselves in a wonderful place. Our first impression is of a variegated but cold, polished, metallic splendor, lit up by the quiet daylight, which, coming from above, makes the colors gleam as with the reflection of some hidden treasure. A square, lofty room, the walls faced and the floor paved with marble, in the centre of which is a marble platform surrounded by a balustrade; red, green, violet, orange, black, yellow, and white marbles are worked into marqueterie and mosaic designs of the greatest beauty, whilst above a row of little windows is the cavity of the cupola, draped with pendants, the crystal facets of which are dashed with all manner of colors.

Everything is, however, in a state of the greatest dilapidation; the marbles are warped, or bulge out here and there, and the bits of the wooden frame-work of the roof fall to the ground every now and then.

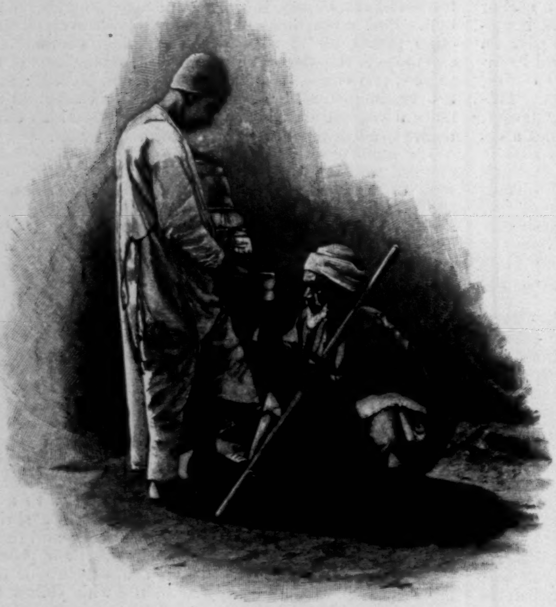
The platform mentioned above is a tomb, that of Sultan Barkuk; in fact, all the monuments noticed are tombs of



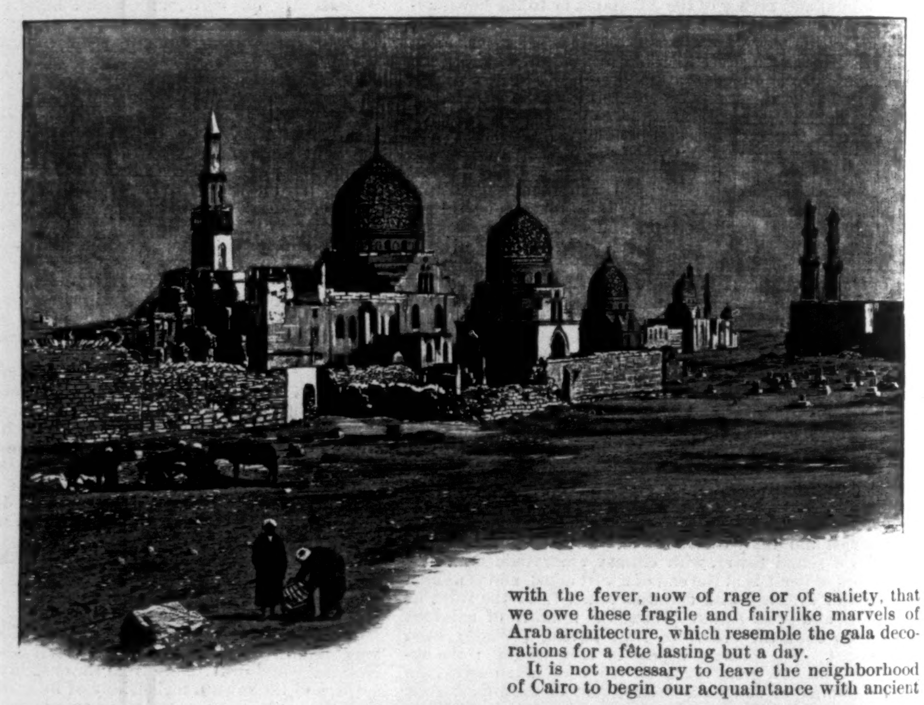
THE BAZAR OF CAIRO.



A STREET IN THE TOULON QUARTER OF CAIRO.



A WATER-SELLER.

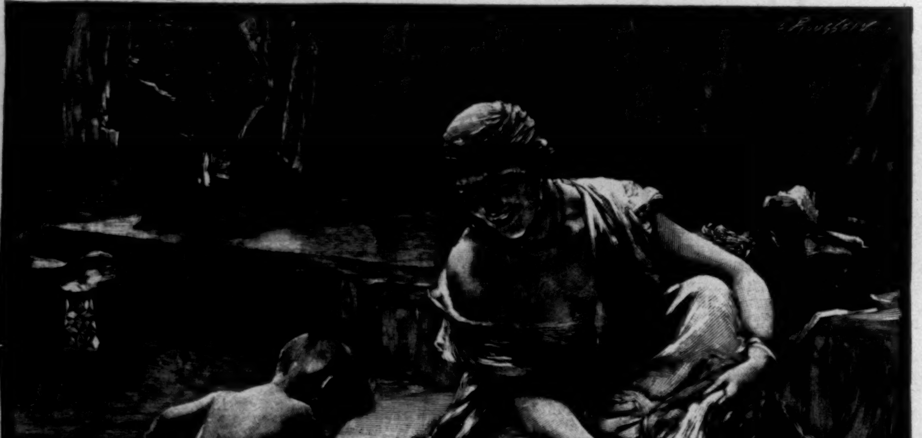


THE TOMBS OF THE CALIPHS.

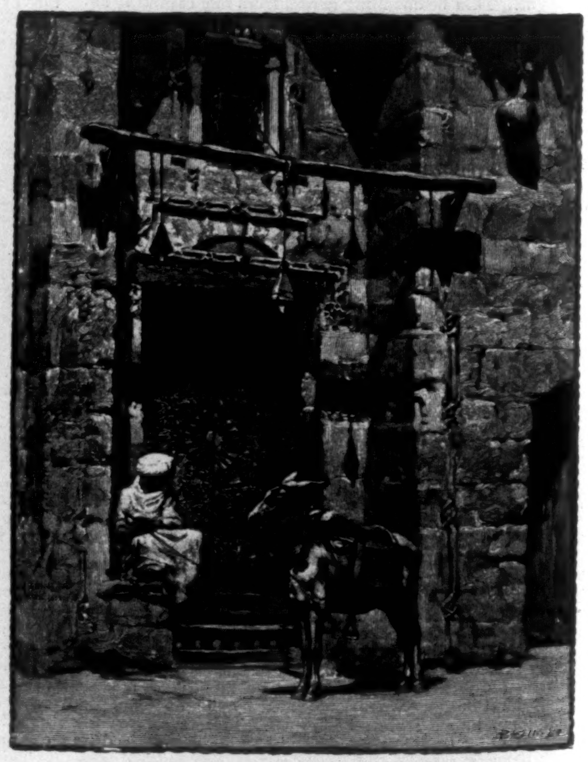
members of the extraordinary monarchy, that of the Mamelukes, the turbulent militia, first slaves, then kings, who for two centuries and a half, from the middle of the thirteenth to the beginning of the sixteenth century, elected their chiefs to the supreme power one day only to overthrow them the next. Everything in the history of the Mamelukes is fantastic and unnatural. They did not form a caste; living in the midst of their harems, they had no legal successors in their sons; they chose their heirs by adoption from amongst their slaves, recruiting their numbers by the kidnapping of children. Could this be called a monarchy, where every member was as much a king as any other? In sixty years forty-four caliphs were elected and overthrown. The true masters of Egypt, even after the Turkish conquest until the time of Mehemet Ali, they remained impregnable, without race, without cohesion, without continuity of government or of family, in a perpetual tumult of revolt and usurped authority. The Mamelukes were to Egypt an ever-threatening storm, with no more attachment to the soil than the clouds of a gathering tempest, which in their fiery instability they resembled. The royal power was to these despots, who were liable to be butchered the next day, like a debauch, for which they paid with their lives.

It is to those who enjoyed an hour of domination in this empire, founded on chance, ever burning with the fever, now of rage or of satiety, that we owe these fragile and fairylike marvels of Arab architecture, which resemble the gala decorations for a fête lasting but a day.

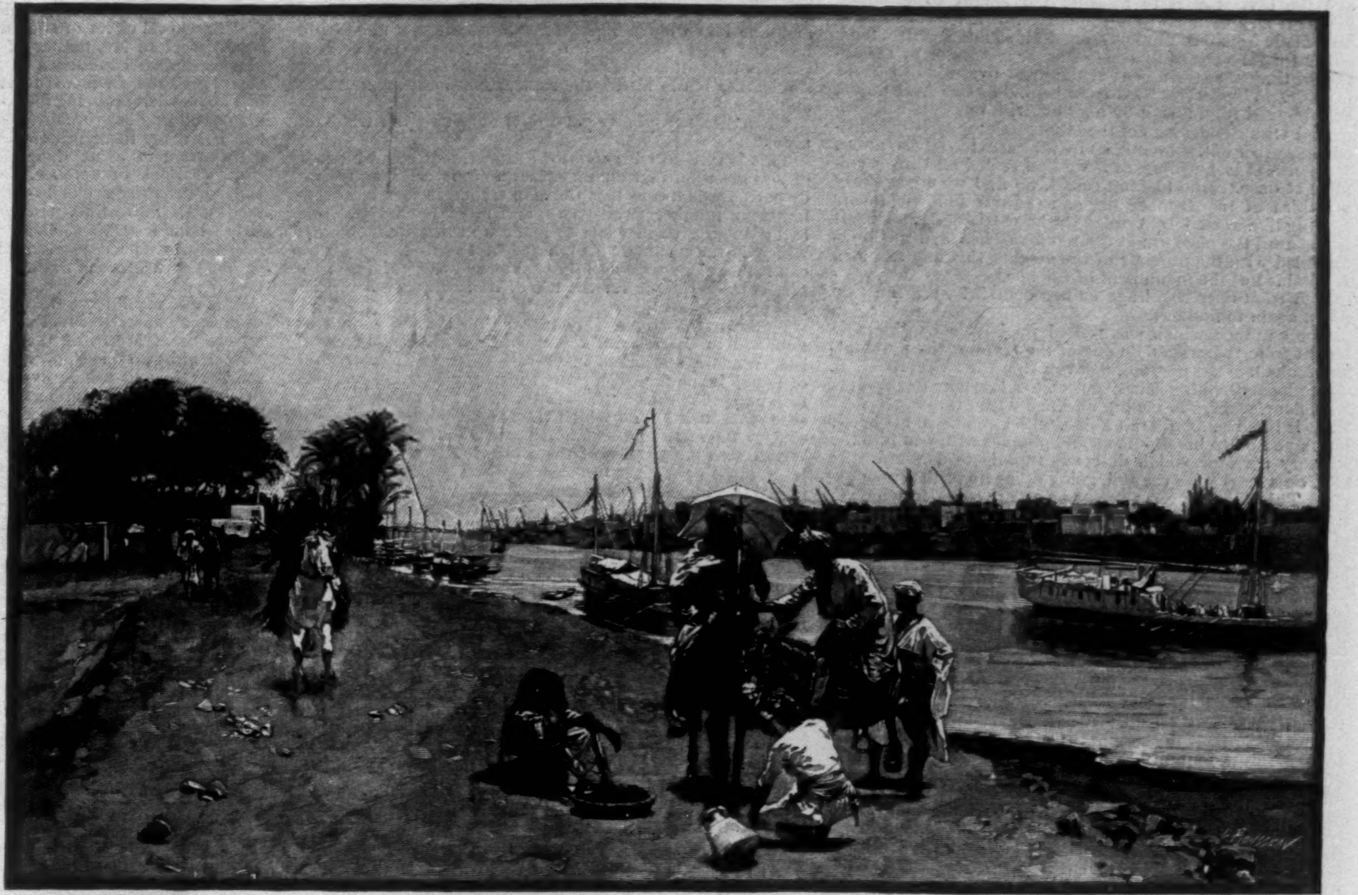
It is not necessary to leave the neighborhood of Cairo to begin our acquaintance with ancient



A FELLAH WOMAN BATHING HER CHILD.



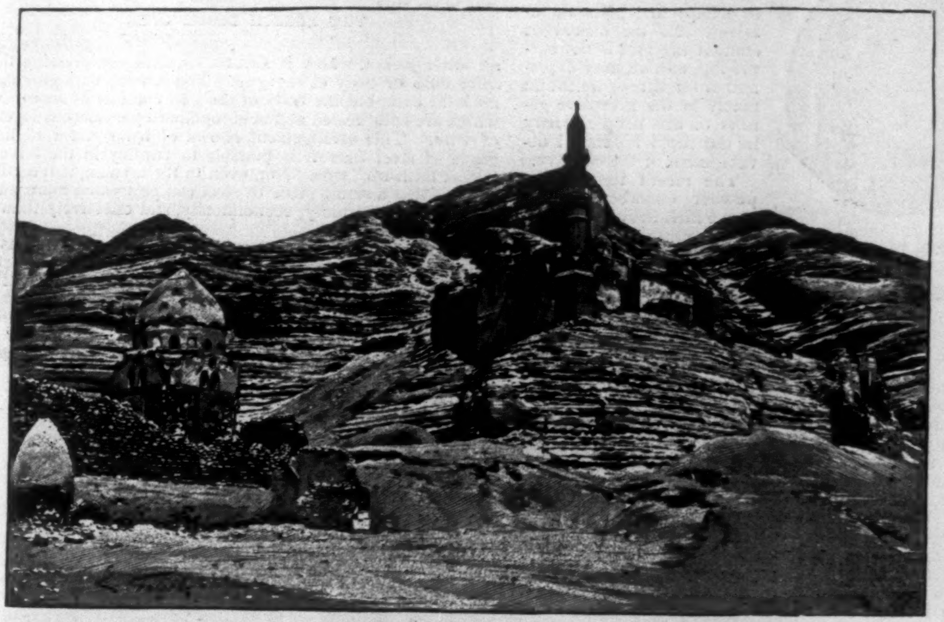
A CAIRO DONKEY AND DONKEY-BOY.



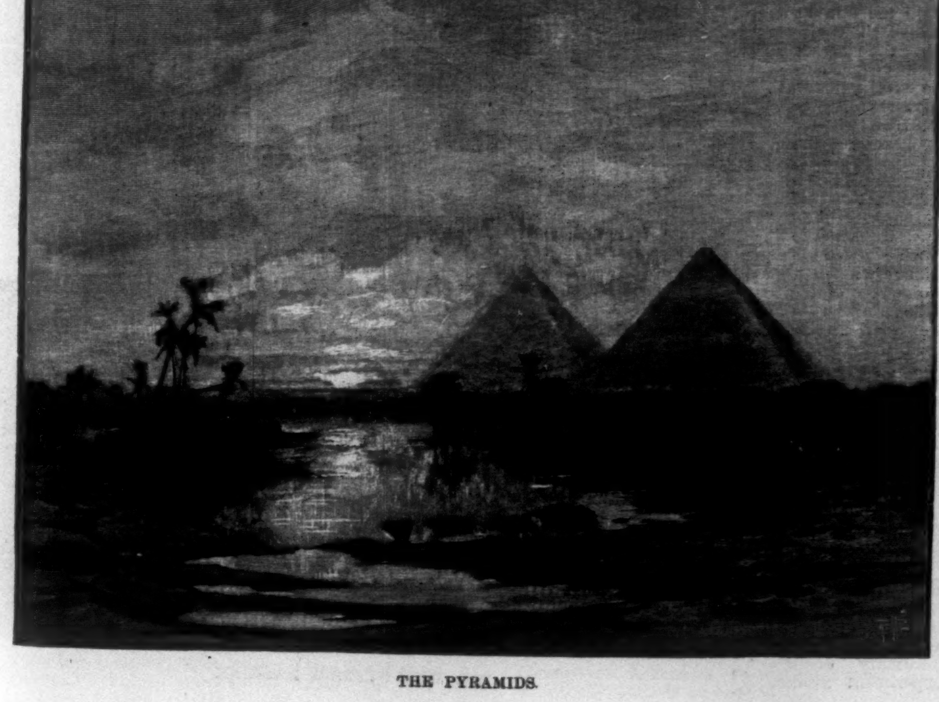
THE NILE AT BOULAK.

Egypt. Thousands of years before there were any dwellings on the sites since occupied by Jerusalem, Rome, and Athens, at the very dawn of human history, when all the rest of the world was still wrapped in the thick gloom of prehistoric barbarism, a vast town of huge buildings rose not far from the present city, on the other side of the Nile, which was dotted with the boats of the ancient inhabitants. A forest of venerable date-trees casts its shadows upon the black soil, beneath which lie buried the builders of this city of a world gone by, of which nothing remains but the vast cemeteries, their position marked by an avenue of monuments. The famous pyramids of Gizeh, opposite Cairo, on the borders of the desert, form the last of these necropoli.

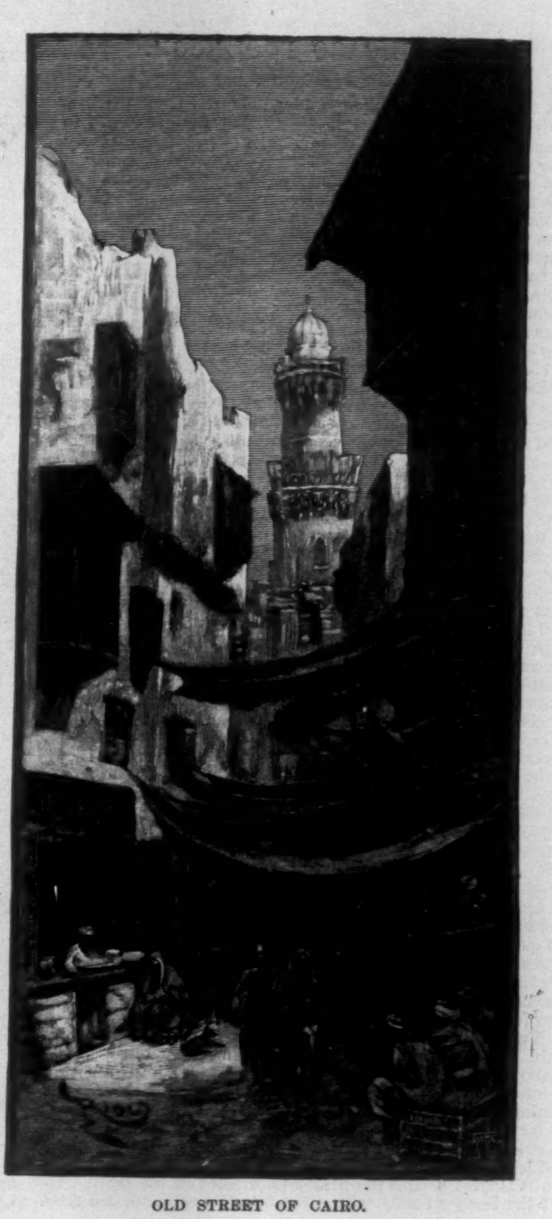
Every one is familiar with the appearance of these strange pyramids, these huge paradoxes of strictly geometrical form, so vast and so lofty that it was not until after fifty-eight centuries of development that the human race succeeded in erecting a building of greater height, whilst the loftiest pinnacle of the most aspiring Gothic belfry, however light and airy it be, did not soar higher than the point of the pyramid of Cheops before it was blunted by time. Nothing could be more confusing to the eye than the general appearance of these heaps of stones, in which no artistic conception plays the slightest part. The effects of perspective in these lines of mathematical regularity are most bizarre—huge bare triangles, the outlines shortened or lengthened, marked out like a diagram by the sun into flat bands of light and shade, the reflections in the sand of the four mighty angles varying according to the time of day. The sloping sides, which at a distance appear absolutely plain, are, when approached more nearly, discovered to be broken up into a series of projecting stones, like a huge staircase worn with age. It is somewhat difficult to judge at first sight of the size of the pyramid,



THE MOKATTAM MOUNTAIN.



THE PYRAMIDS.



OLD STREET OF CAIRO.

and the best way is to measure the height by climbing it! It is at a corner where the stages, which seem to have been made for a race of giants, are divided into smaller steps, either for the sake of mortals of lesser stature or by the action of time, that the ascent of the great pyramid of Cheops is made. We start, pushed from behind by one Arab guide, and dragged from above by another, with our eyes fully occupied with the dangers of the climb. Completely exhausted, altogether out of breath, and with knees too stiff to move, we paûse at last, feeling as if we had scaled all three pyramids at once. But looking round, we find we are scarcely one-third of the distance up, and see our fellow-climbers looking like scattered ants upon the huge triangular mass. It is not until the platform at the top is reached, and the lungs are filled with the pure air of the heights, that any real idea is obtained of the monument of Cheops.

And what does this huge edifice contain? We must go down again to find out.

The entrance, which was walled up, is at a considerable height from the ground, in one of the faces of the pyramid, and looks like the porch of a cave cut in the living rock. A dark gloomy-looking door opens on to a low narrow passage, with floor, walls, and ceiling all lined with granite, polished till it is like ice. An Arab guide, with a candle in his hand, hoists you on to his shoulders and plunges with you into the slippery corridor, which descends rapidly to a hole in the rock on a level with the soil, going up again at the same angle. This opening gives access to a bare room, in which is a square hole, once the resting-place of the mummy of one of the Pharaohs. The rest of the interior consists of two or three narrow passages, resembling cavities made in oak timber by the teredo, with two other chambers similar to that known as the King's, all faced with granite, without a moulding or ornament of any kind; airless enclosures, where no chink admits a ray of light or sunshine; huge masses of compact limestone, wrapt in utter night and silence. Such is the strange monument to build up which Cheops caused mountains of stone to be removed by whole nations of people, who perished at their task beneath the whips of the convict guards.

Stretched out at the base of the great pyramid is a terrible apparition—the mighty Sphinx, the head of which alone is of the height of a man. Beside this ancient monument the masses of stone above it are young, for an inscription speaks of the Pharaoh Chephren having had it repaired, because it had fallen into ruin in his time. The colossal Sphinx is hewn out of a mass of living rock rising from the sand, and is therefore of a piece with the desert. Centuries have dealt hardly with its crouching lionlike body, of which nothing now remains but a roughly outlined slab of rock. The layers of limestone on its scarred and emaciated neck look like collars; its flat face, from which the nose is gone, is covered with wounds, and, framed in its mystic head-dress, it has assumed an awful expression. What secrets of the origin of the world, we wonder, are kept by the closed lips and the severe fathomless eyes of this phantomlike figure, this ghost from remote days prior to the dawn of history?

Note.—"Paris," the first paper of the series entitled "Capitals of the World," was published in No. 1837 of Harper's Weekly; the second paper, "St. Petersburg," in No. 1841; the third paper, "Constantinople," in No. 1846; the fourth paper, "Rome," in No. 1850; the fifth paper, "Geneva," in No. 1856; the sixth paper, "Athens," in No. 1859; the seventh paper, "Pekin," in No. 1862.

IN A CHICAGO POOL-ROOM.

BY M. A. LANE.

In Chicago the juvenile gambler, debarred from the heavier games of cards, finds another outlet for his desire to plunge up to his ears in life's revel. A twopence-halfpenny affair is as necessary to his existence as is oxygen, and at least one resort in the metropolis of the West furnishes him with this means to an exciting career. The place is in East Madison Street, near State Street, and is entered through a room with a drinking-bar at one side. The walls are covered with works of art on bacchanalian subjects. An interesting and humorous legend in stained-glass panels of categorical arrangement is presented along the length of the wall behind the lustrous bar, describing the woes of an eighteenth-century Scotchman who indulged too freely in wine, and who was pursued by witches as a punishment, and chastised by his amiable wife on returning home. At the inner end of the long room is the portal of a very large apartment filled with billiard and pool tables. Bedazzling as is the light that streams from some dozen great arc lamps, it is made mild and obscured by tobacco smoke. A babel is made by the voices of players, and a confusion by the click of the ivory balls. Idlers lounge in comfortable chairs, and look with dull eyes and blank faces at the men who handle the cues. The atmosphere is hot and impure and stifling, and as unfit for lungs as that in the hold of a deserted ship. Faces are pale and blue in the improper light. The olfactory sense is insulted and offended by the effluvia. The first desire of a healthy man on entering the place is to get out of it as quickly as may be, and not return. But this is "life," and to see it we must remain, and of course we remain.

In one corner some especially attractive matter is going forward, for about a table there is gathered a great knot of men—young, of course. That is one universal feature of the resort. Youth is everywhere, but youth made pale and uninteresting by too great a stress of the life of the night. Some little picturesqueness and variety are thrown into the scene by the appearance here and there of a wide-brimmed, light-colored felt hat covering the luxuriant locks and shading the ruddy or sunbrowned face of a manly fellow from the West, who describes his present occupation as that of "looking about the city." He is a work of art in a bad frame. Not the thick air of a gambling establishment, not the low narrow room and the flavor of perverse humanity about it, are his, but the open air, the plain, the glittering grass, the blue sky, the mountain, the valley, freedom. The contrast pleases him, however. He is learning a new form of gambling—"a game, gentlemen, where every man gets a show for his money, where there ain't no cinch for no one"—and he is learning it to the cracked, crazy, shrill music of a medley jumping from the mouth of a phonograph within ten feet of him, and sounding as if it were miles away.

Twenty youths stand about the table (it is a common pool table), packed tightly together, holding their cues in one hand, looking eagerly forward to a man at the head with a leather bottle against his breast. The game is simple; the action is quick; the losses are small; the winnings likewise. Every player is thrown a little ball the size of a marble from the leather bottle. The number on it indicates the turn in which he is to shoot. The balls distributed, an attendant in shirt sleeves masses the fifteen pool balls on the table. He of the leather bottle, with a face made expressionless from sameness of occupation, takes a high seat. A second set of small balls is placed in the bottle. The vessel is rattled, and one taken out. The man who shoots first chooses his ball, and sends the cue ball flying into the mass. If he pockets the ball he has called he wins the stake; if not, he of the leather bottle rattles the same, shakes out an indicator, and cries out:

"Number-two-you've-got-the-twenty-two-you-want-the-nine!"

This is uttered with about the same rapidity and intensity of accentuation that characterizes a court crier, and which by periphrasis means that the man second in turn has drawn indicator number twenty-two, and must pocket the table ball number nine in order to make up thirty-one "points," which is the "game." A charge of twenty-five cents per cue is made (all goes into the stake), and the "house" holds fifty cents per game for the use of its furniture—a very liberal price indeed.

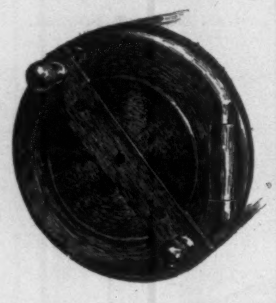
Number two wins, as it chances. Then a new game is begun, and in the interim a youth of red necktie, Piccadilly hat, cigarette, and bland inane face turns to another youth of bland inane face, cigarette, Piccadilly hat, and red necktie, and speaks thus: "That's the fifth I've missed. Never seen such luck." To which the second youth replies, with exactly the same expression and attitude, "Me too." Some three dozen young men of the same variety stand about the table, but do not play, because they lack the chief element—money. To an interested stranger they will be at great pains to explain the intricacies of the sport with a vainglorious display of special knowledge worthy a more noble subject. If one declines to be fascinated and join the line, one will be asked to "stake a good player" and divide the contingent profits; and if one still declines to be further identified with the amusement than by the mere looking on, one will become an object of no earthly interest to any one in the picture except one's self.

It is all very blithe, quite Western, and one form of "life" that goes as far toward establishing a permanent anæmia of mentality as one could find in a long day's walk, even on the twenty-second day of June.

THE BROWN SEGMENTAL WIRE GUN.

BY LIEUT. FRED DE T. CLOTH, LATE FRENCH NAVY.

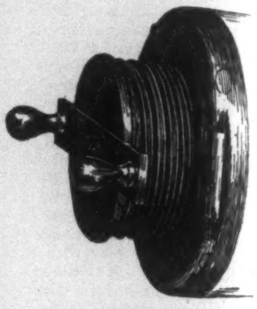
Progress in modern gun construction seems to be the domain of the great republics of the world. First France took the lead, which she still holds, and more or less revolutionized the art of modern gun-making. Now the United States are on the eve of overthrowing the sister republic in this direction, and evidently determined to occupy first place themselves. To the observant student the fact is not surprising, and an easy explanation for it may be found partly in the inventive genius of the people, partly in the rapid industrial development of the country.



THE BREECH BLOCK CLOSED.

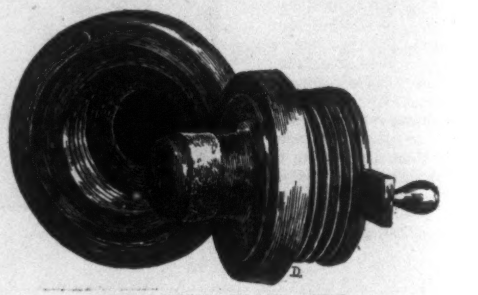
The recent tests of the powder chamber of the new 5-inch Brown segmental wire gun now under construction for the United States government by the Pennsylvania Diamond Drill and Manufacturing Company at Birdsborough, Pennsylvania, have given results never before obtained in any gun. While the maximum powder pressure which the modern 5-inch "steel built-up" rifle is required to withstand does to my knowledge not exceed 35,000 pounds per square inch, the Brown segmental wire gun may be safely fired with a service powder pressure of 56,000 per square inch. According to Lieutenant Whistler's theoretical discussion of Brown's system of gun-construction, the pressure required to reduce the compression at the surface of the bore of this gun to zero is 63,654 pounds per square inch. From this it will be seen that even an actual powder pressure of 56,000 would still leave a safety margin of nearly 8000 pounds before any injury could happen to the gun in any form or shape. The surprising feature of the trials at Birdsborough, however, culminated in the extraordinary fact that the powder pressure amounted to nearly 68,000 per square inch, or 5000 in excess of the theoretical pressure required to reduce the compression of the surface of the bore of the gun to zero. The most careful measurements to $\frac{1}{10000}$ of an inch showed absolutely no change whatever, either in the diameter of the bore or in the position of the segments or liner; not the slightest displacement could be detected either radially or longitudinally.

Under these circumstances I have no hesitation to assert that guns constructed on the Brown principle may be fired with a powder pressure in the neighborhood of 90,000 pounds to the square inch before the explosion of the piece need be feared. It goes without saying that such a high powder pressure might injure the weapon, but as no practical advantage could be obtained from the firing under such extraordinary conditions, the experiment would only have a scientific value for the ordnance expert. Yet there is something more to this. It should not be forgotten that the moral effect of such a knowledge on the gunner in actual warfare is a matter of great importance, as it gives him unlimited confidence in his arm. It will be remembered that the frequent bursting of guns in England has had a most demoralizing influence on English gunners, and has made them practically afraid of using their own weapons of defence. Indeed, the prospect of being blown into atoms not only by the enemy's shells, but also by the explosion of one's own guns, is not a pretty one.



THE BREECH BLOCK SCREWED OPEN.

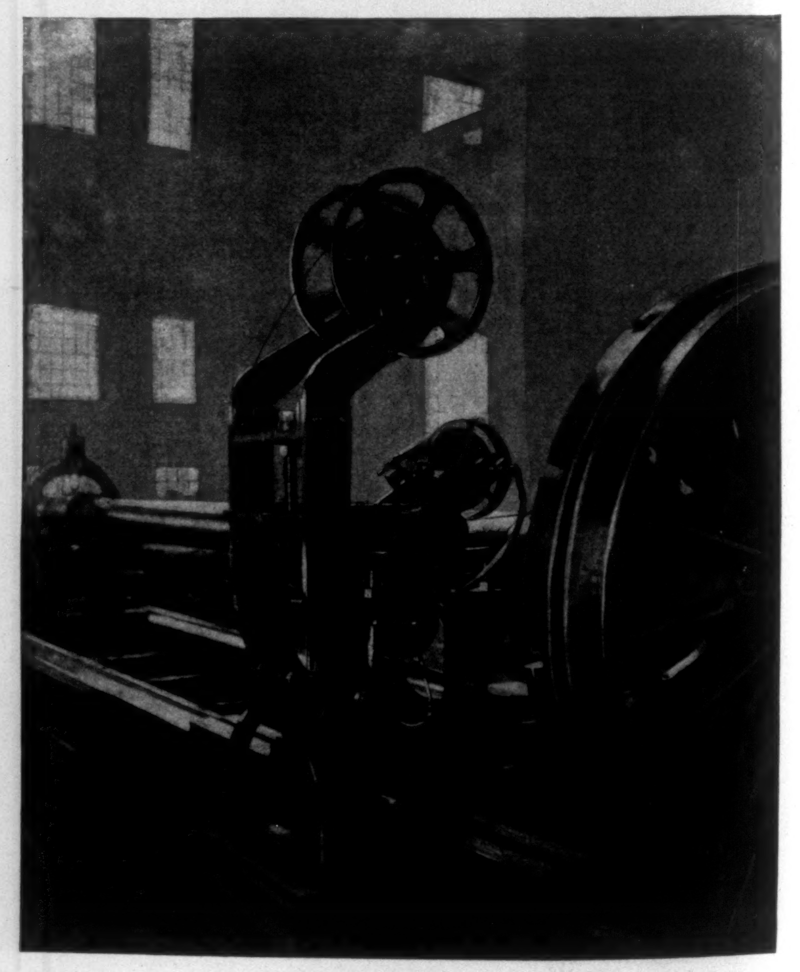
It is not my intention to discuss technically in this article the features of the "steel built-up" rifle, now more or less in use in every civilized country; but I think that it must be a matter of interest to the public to learn by what means John Hamilton Brown, the inventor of the system of segmental wire gun construction, was able to obtain results which beat all previous gun records. The "steel built-up" gun consists of a solid tube. To make such a tube for a 5-inch gun it becomes necessary first to forge a solid steel ingot 20 feet long and 12 inches in diameter. At best, an elastic limit of 50,000 pounds per square inch, and a tensile strength of 70,000 pounds per square inch, are all that can be given to it. This being insufficient, the core of the gun has to be strengthened by an outer jacket, which is shrunk on, thus compressing the solid core or body of the gun. The Brown wire gun has no solid core, but the body of the gun consists of segments which are compressed and held together by numerous layers of wire. This arrangement allows of using a far higher grade of steel than it is possible to employ in the 5-inch "steel built-up" rifle. For, even to the layman, it must be evident that a small piece of steel can be treated more uniformly, easily, rapidly, economically, and effectively than a large ingot.



THE BREECH BLOCK OPEN.

The steel used in the segments of the Brown gun has a tensile strength of 165,000 pounds per square inch, an elastic limit of 105,000 pounds per square inch, and an elongation of 14 per cent. in two inches.

The physical condition of the wire is 250,000 pounds tensile strength per square inch, 200,000 pounds elastic limit per square inch, and a torsional strength of 30 complete



THE WIRE-WINDING MACHINE.

turns before breaking. As the wire is wound under a tension of 130,000 pounds per square inch, the initial compression at the surface of the bore amounts to 100,000 pounds per square inch. This circumferential strength is far in excess of what is needed to fire the gun with even the most formidable powder charges.

Hitherto most wire guns have failed from want of longitudinal strength, in consequence of the fact that the wire jacket has no longitudinal strength whatever, and the amount of solid metal in the core is only half of that of a solid gun. In the Brown guns, however, while the amount of solid metal is the same as in other wire guns, the strength of the metal is more than double, and therefore the guns will equal the "steel built-up" rifles in longitudinal strength. As a matter of fact, the Brown gun must exceed the "built-up" gun in longitudinal strength, because it is impossible to use the entire mass of metal in the latter for longitudinal strength, and also because a large part of the longitudinal thrust in the Brown gun is taken up by the trunnion jacket.

One of the most interesting processes in the construction of the new gun is the winding of it. The piece is now in the lathe, and so far advanced that only ten more layers of wire have to be put on. It is a handsome piece of skilful American ordnance engineering, and is likely to be finished in from six to eight weeks. What a difficult task the winding is may be judged by the fact that 37 miles of wire have to be wound round the core before the gun will have the necessary circumferential strength to resist the enormous powder charges to be used in it. John Hamilton Brown, the inventor, is also the originator of the winding-machine, and it took years of wearisome experiments before he succeeded in constructing a winding-machine capable of doing the work systematically even. The new device consists of a windlass and set of rollers, which form a species of clutch, whereby a weight is suspended sufficient to produce a tension of 130,000 pounds per square inch upon the wire as it is being wound upon the gun. The result is that the weight remains stationary, neither falling nor rising, and a constant tension is thus maintained. The wire used has an area of cross section of $\frac{1}{200}$ of a square inch. The action of the machine is perfect, and the wire is wound upon the gun at the rate of 40 feet per minute, and the instrument is so steady that its vibration can hardly be detected by the eye.

In consequence of the enormous pressures to be used in this gun, the inventor desired to use an extremely strong breech action. He has therefore devised two different breech actions. One of them is constructed on the French principle, using the interrupted screw. It is simple, ingenious, quick, and strong. The other is a new departure, and reintroduces the continuous screw. Brown intends to apply the latter mechanism to his new gun, though, in my opinion, the former is preferable. In the breech *fermeture*, with the continuous threads in the screw, the threaded portion of the gun is four inches long, giving a sheering surface of 113 square inches. The threaded portion of the breech block is six inches long. Two inches of the threaded block pass to a threaded "carrier ring" which is hinged to the breech of the gun. The pitch of the thread is such that four full turns withdraw the block, when it is readily swung to one side for loading. After loading it is swung back, and four full turns send it home, locking the breech. The inventor claims that this device has about double the strength of the French *fermeture*, but I have hitherto failed to verify his assertion mathematically, and I am rather inclined to believe that a practical test of the two different breech actions, when applied to guns, alone will decide this difference of opinion.

Before closing this article I may be permitted to say that the progress of ordnance construction, as well as the development in the manufacture of high-grade steel in the United States during the last few years, stands unique in the history of civilized nations.

GLOUCESTER CELEBRATION.

BY FREDERICK W. EDDY.

THE celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the incorporation of Gloucester, the chief and oldest fishing port of the country, took place at Cape Ann on August 24th, 25th, and 26th. Here a daring colony from Plymouth isolated itself in 1642, and in the two and a half centuries since then the family names of the first settlers have been perpetuated and multiplied. Gloucester sailors have sailed every sea. They are rovers by inheritance. Peril has been their birthright. But within the sheltering headlands of the home port they have always hoped to find their final anchorage. This instinct has been transmitted through their children for so many generations as to impart to the present event peculiar beauty. The landing of the first permanent colony was honored by those who trace from it a direct lineage.

Gloucester wears with exceptional modesty the mantle of age. By undoubted record the harbor was discovered by Chevalier Champlain in 1606. He described it in the account of his voyages, and drew a map of it which is still preserved. Le Beauport was the name he gave it. The Indians had called it Wingaersheek. Clam-shell mounds left by them are still abundant, showing wherein they found it attractive. Captain John Smith explored the Cape in 1614, and left a record of his visit by naming it Tragabigzanda. By this name it was known until Prince Charles called it Cape Anne, in honor of his mother, Princess Anne of Denmark. A colony from Dorchester, England, in 1623, built a stage or wharf at the entrance of the harbor, known now as Stage Fort. Roger Conant became Governor. This was the beginning of the Massachusetts colony; for the new settlers, although successful in fishing, were harassed by Miles Standish, and other envious invaders, and abandoned the station in 1626, the majority of them removing to Salem.

The few who remained were joined by new-comers in the next few years, but their station did not rise above the importance of a camp. John Endicott led a small and adventurous band to the Cape in 1628. Anthony Thatcher turned his attention there in 1635. His vessel pounded against the rocky island that bears his name, drowning his family and the Rev. John Avery. These persistent efforts to colonize the Cape show that its value as a fishing station became early apparent. In 1639 the Plymouth colony came to stay, and by 1642 the colony had so well established itself as to incorporate the settlement, embracing all of Cape Ann within its limits. Gloucester was chosen as its name because many of the settlers were natives of England's old cathedral town. The mother Gloucester is represented by a delegation at the anniversary, as is also a vigorous daughter, settled by a colony from the American Gloucester on the Maine coast.

Gloucester's infancy was singularly free from some of the hardships of settlements more thickly peopled. Fishing (confined to local waters) and farming enabled the settlers to live comfortably; and their isolation from other communities, while perhaps not always agreeable, bred in them self-reliance, and exempted them from some of the crazes that afflicted other places. Thus the Cape afforded a refuge for the persecuted. Gloucester kept reasonably clear of witches, and witch-finders from Salem met a cold reception when they visited the Cape. There still stands a house at Pigeon Cove said to have been built by sons for a mother who was pursued from Salem as a witch.

So long as fishing did not extend beyond local waters, shallops, sloops, and a boat known as a ketch suited the purpose. The ketch was the favorite. It had two masts, set well aft, one rigged like the foremast of a ship, and the other like the mizzenmast of a bark. A simpler rigging was furnished for the Chebacco boat, named for the place where it was built, now Essex, and intended for shore fishing. One mast was stepped near the bow, and the other aft, and bow and stern were built high, like an ancient gondola. This boat came into use about 1700.

At that time the fishing industry had become important enough to turn the attention of the Gloucester men to distant and more productive waters. Inventive talent was stimulated to provide a style of boat suitable for fishing voyages. Among the ship-builders who had started yards in Gloucester was Captain Andrew Robinson. He built a boat of new design, and invited the people to the launching. When the boat took the water, a by-stander exclaimed, "Oh, how she schoons!" (schooning being to skim, as does a light stone well thrown.

"A schooner let her be!" replied Robinson, as he broke a bottle of rum over her bow, and the word thus coined has since applied to that style of boat.

Until 1740, when 70 schooners composed the Gloucester fleet, the fishing industry thrived. Then came vicissitudes other than the perils of the sea. The French at Cape Breton hampered Gloucester fishermen in every way possible, and the situation in this respect was not relieved even by King George's war, in which Gloucester men helped to reduce the fortified French town of Louisburg. The Revolution suspended fisheries almost altogether, and privateering became the occupation of the fishermen, with results, on the whole, disastrous. From the earliest days of deep-sea fishing the schooners had visited the northern waters in summer, and returning with their fares of fish, had engaged in southern coastwise trade for the winter months. This led in time to distant voyages, and when difficulties interfered with the fishing industry, Gloucester men engaged with merchant-men. For many years some of the finest sailing vessels in ocean trade were commanded by Gloucester captains, and homes all over the Cape contain treasures brought on returning voyages from foreign ports.

While the fishing industry languished in the second half of last century, Gloucester was the scene of some important religious events by furnishing a foothold for Universalism in America. The parish was the citadel of the community, but well-rooted as was church allegiance in the hearts of the people, the precious privilege of being master of his own conscience was claimed by every man. Such a community provided an inviting field for a disciple of a new faith, who appeared in the person of the Rev. John Murray, the follower of James Relly, the London apostle of universal salvation. A chance was given Murray to preach in the First Parish meeting-house. Afterward he joined the Continental army, General Nathaniel Greene standing as his sponsor, and Washington commissioning him chaplain of the Rhode Island regiments. Health failing, he returned to Gloucester in 1776.

He found the town in great distress, and secured relief for it, for which he was publicly thanked. Persecution soon aimed its shafts at him, however, and he found it necessary to clear himself of the charge of Toryism. When trouble had gone so far over his teachings that the First Parish extended a call to the Rev. Eli Forbes, a man of straight-laced notions, Mr. Murray's friends gave him warning that the parish would split if he came, and his people could not support him. Probably no more effective means could have been employed to bring Dr. Forbes to the scene. The threatened division followed, and the town was plunged into the heat of a controversy of creed which was not unattended with personal perils. The Independent Church of Christ was organized with Murray as its pastor. Success attended the new movement, the church becoming in a few years the strongest religious body on the Cape, a prominence it still holds. In 1870 the Universalists celebrated at Gloucester the centennial of Murray's arrival in the country.

The sea has exacted heavy tribute of life and property from Gloucester. It has been said that the town's history is written in tears. Nearly every old family has graves under the water. From the time boats go out there are no tidings of them until they come back around Eastern Point, when they come at all, some with the flag at half-mast. The skipper's report, "strayed from the vessel and given up for lost," is the only message many a waiting wife receives from the father of her children. Each season's fogs and gales bring untold sorrow to Gloucester.

The fishermen go to localities known as banks, or sea plateaus, where the fish spawn in water comparatively shallow. Tossed against these elevated banks, the sea is seldom still. In times of fog or gale they are places of extreme danger, for if one vessel breaks from its anchorage, it hews its way through the fleet, carrying with it everything in its deadly path. The chief fishing-grounds are St. George's, treacherous shoals shoreward from the Gulf Stream, where the best codfish catches are made; the Grand Banks, 90 miles from Newfoundland; Flemish Cap, 300 miles from Newfoundland; and the Western Banks, 80 miles from Nova Scotia. It is estimated that the fishing-grounds cover an area of 73,000 miles.

Records of losses go back to 1716, when five vessels on the way to Cape Sable went down with 20 men. Gloucester's fleet at that time consisted of 50 vessels, and her male population of 300 men. In 1766 nine vessels went down and ten were badly damaged, with a loss of 40 men, on the way to the Grand Banks. December 15, 1839, a storm swept Massachusetts Bay, and strewed the shore with wrecks from Norman's Woe to the harbor. Fifteen schooners and 120 men went down at St. George's February 24, 1862. In March, 1864, six vessels and 57 men were lost on the same shoals. Lord's Day gale, August 24, 1873, was a serious storm for Gloucester, costing 9 vessels lost, 32 stranded, and 128 men. Since 1830 the loss of life foots up 3224 men, and of vessels 576, worth $2,656,710.

Such fearful risks imply large gain for those who succeed. Receipts landed at Gloucester and at Boston by Gloucester fishermen in recent years have averaged 50,000,000 pounds of codfish, 8,000,000 pounds of halibut, 30,000,000 pounds of haddock and hake, 15,000 barrels of salted herring, 17,000,000 frozen herring, 250,000 barrels of mackerel, and immense quantities of fins, tongues, sounds, oil, and other fish products. Work is done on the co-operative plan, the catch determining the various shares. At times the system of "halves" has prevailed, the men sharing with the owner of the vessel.

Improvements in the fishing fleet appear rapidly in these days. Formerly fishing vessels, while stanch and seaworthy, were not built with reference to speed or style. The fisherman of to-day is a Burgess model, costing from $10,000 to $15,000, and able to make a sailing craft put on all sail to pass ahead in a long stretch. Valuations for taxing purposes place the town's chief industry at $4,213,000. Much more money than this could not purchase the equipment. Along with the fisheries, quarrying for granite has engaged large capital and produced great wealth for Cape Ann in recent years.

Modern invasion has not yet spoiled Gloucester. Old family homesteads still occupy much of the harbor settlement. They are built along winding streets, across which shade trees meet. Comfort guided the plans of their builders, and they carry an appearance of coziness too well settled to be disturbed. Flowers brighten the yards in beds such as only the New England housewife can lay out, in which system and apparent utter lack of it strive for mastery in most informal fashion and with most pleasing effect. The new part of the city—Gloucester has now 25,000 inhabitants—departs somewhat from the old plan in widened streets and buildings of modern style, but it has made small impression on the quaint character of the settlement. Gloucester is a place of such marked individuality that it will bear many innovations without losing caste. One of the new sections has been built up by the foreign population, which of late years has manned most of the fishing-vessels, under native skippers.

The original grant comprised almost all of the Cape. This territory, divided into townships and settlements, becomes again Gloucester for the purposes of the celebration. It is pretty well occupied by cottages belonging to city people, who have found it to their liking for summer homes. Governor Russell has a cottage at Magnolia. He is heartily in the celebration, being an active worker on the committee on invitation. The nation's executive is represented by Mr. and Mrs. J. R. McKee at Beverly Farms. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward and her talented husband have paid loving tribute to Cape Ann from their East Gloucester home. T. Jefferson Coolidge has a home on the Cape, and while at his official station, Cornelius Vanderbilt occupies his house and takes part in the celebration. General Benjamin F. Butler, the Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, Charles Fargo, and the Swifts of Chicago join hands for the occasion with the families Babson, Pew, Coffin, Parsons, Tarr, and others of Gloucester's primeval tribe. Secretary Tracy and Marshal McDonald, Commissioner of Fisheries, represent the government. Part of the White Squadron warm their backs in the harbor, in sight of Norman's Woe, where the *Rebecca Ann* was dashed to pieces and Longfellow located the wreck of the *Hesperus*. The Plymouth Society and the Massachusetts Historical Society are part of the celebration.

Besides parades, receptions, and historical and literary exercises, the celebration included a series of fishermen's races, open to all boats, which was sailed over regular yacht courses. In these events the fishing-boats threw down the glove for speed to all who dared spread sails against them for substantial prizes.

MOTHER'S POSIES.

KIND o' purty, don't yuh think?
Green an' red an' yeller
Bloomin' in th' winder there
Sort o' makes a feller
Think 't summer's back agin,
Even though he knows his
Eyes 'v' on'y caught th' shine
There uv mother's posies.

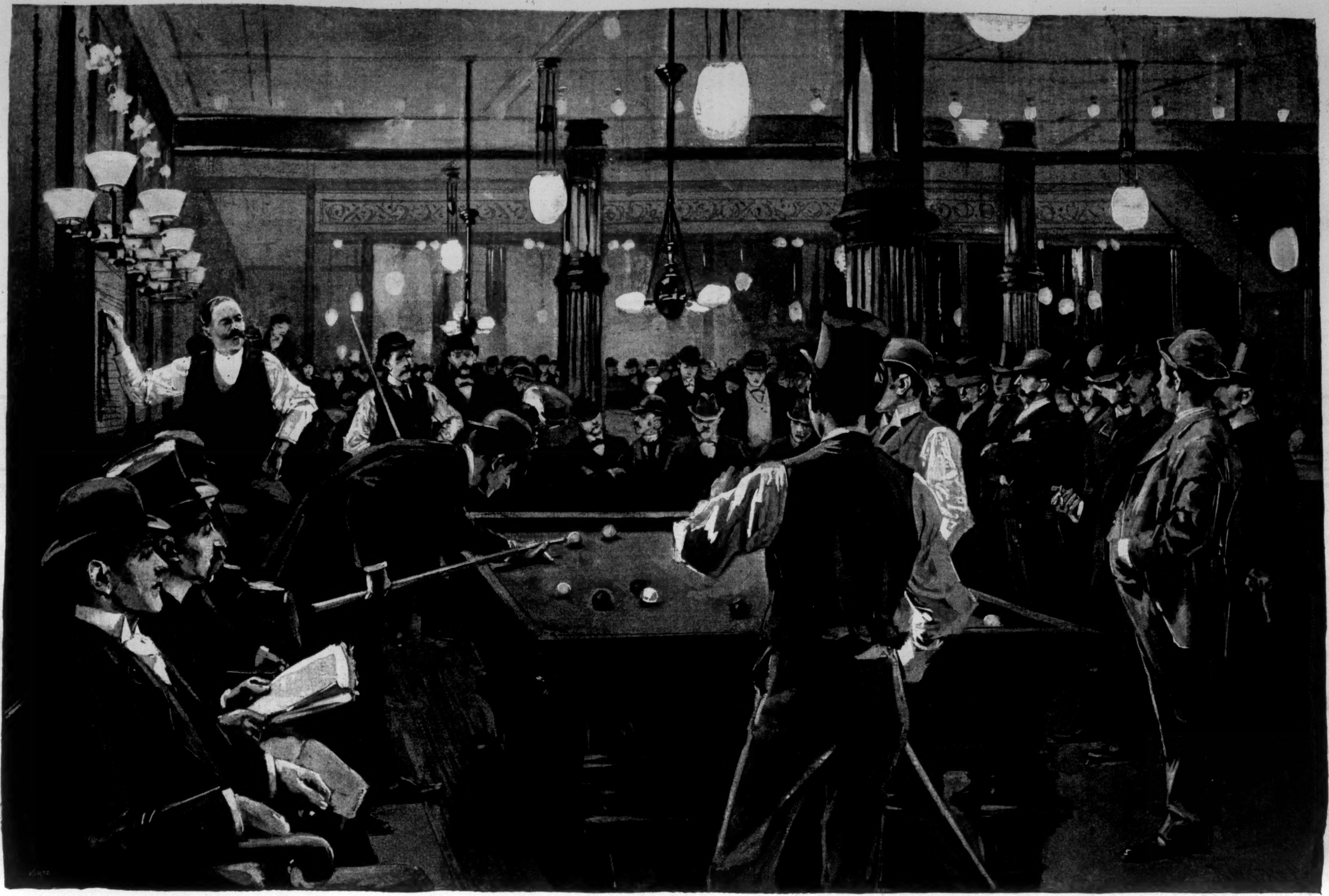
In th' ol' tomater cans
An' th' pots an' boxes,
There they bloom as big as life—
Pinks an' hollyhockses.
Creepin' things an' vi'lets, too,
Purty colors showin',
Peekin' through th' winder-pane
Out whur it's a-snowin'.

There's a grea' big fuzie there
Weth some ferns aside it,
An' a primrose weth some moss
Tryin' fer tuh hide it,
An' geraniums an' sich
Cluttered all together,
Bloomin' there like sixty an'
Laughin' at th' weather.

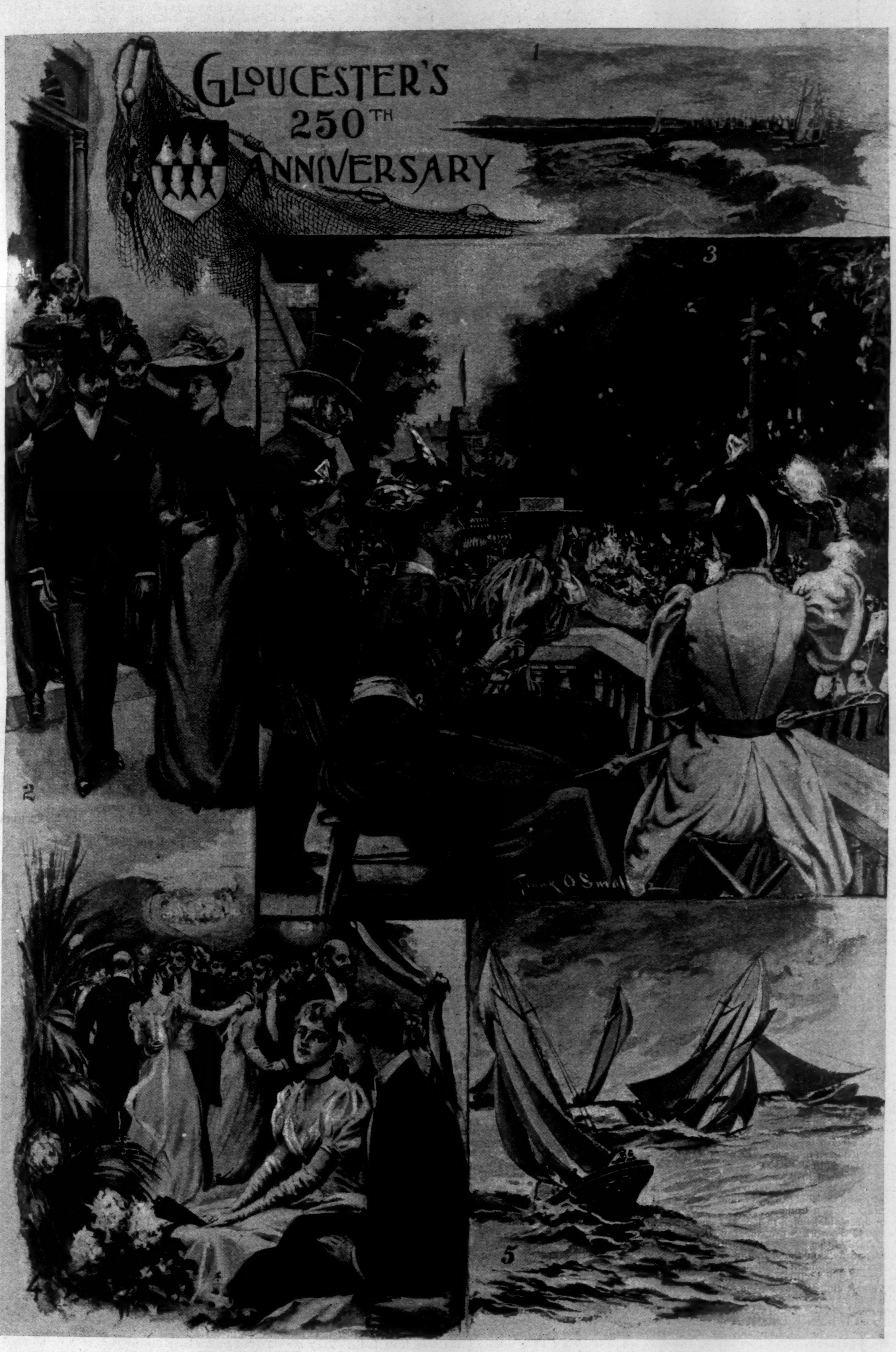
Pots o' green an' pots o' red
Make up lights an' shadders,
Weth th' ivy an' th' vines
Climbin' up th' ladders
Whut I whittled out m'self
Jes fer them to grow on—
An' the'r' banterin' th' snow
An' th' wind a-blowin'.

Yes, sirree, it's purty an'
Soothin' like, an' cheerin'
To set here on days like this
An' see mother clearin'
Out th' dead leaves an' sich things
Frum th' vines an' phloxes
In th' ol' tomater cans
An' th' pots an' boxes.

CARL SMITH.



A CHICAGO POOL-ROOM ON SUNDAY.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 878.]


GLOUCESTER'S
250TH
ANNIVERSARY
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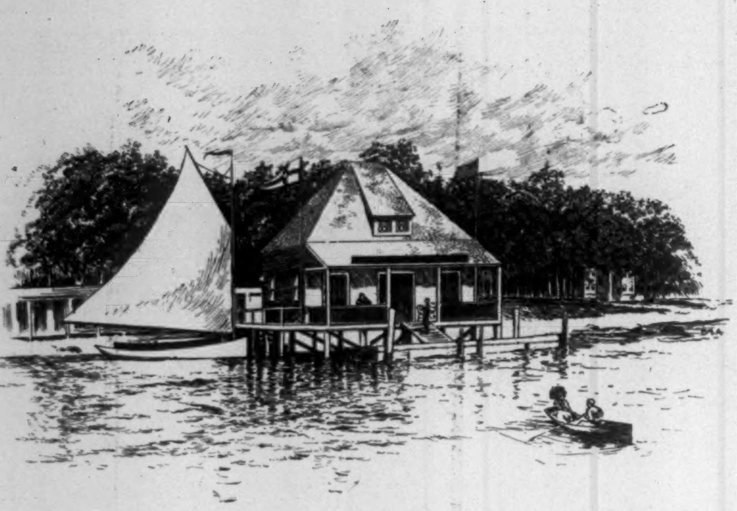
Frank O Small

THE TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE INCORPORATION OF GLOUCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.—[SEE PAGE 879.]

1. Old Stage Fort. 2. Leaving Church after the Commemoration Service. 3. Watching the Procession. 4. The Ball. 5. The Fishermen's Race.



THE SHELTER ISLAND STATION OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

OUT-OF-TOWN STATIONS.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

Of all the sweet cherubs who sit up aloft and watch o'er the fate of poor Jack, none has been busier this year with happy intentions than that cheery one who musters as shipmates the yachtsmen sailing under the pennant of the New York Club. And well may he be alert with kindly thoughts, for where is cherub better served, where better anchored? Laid up in restful ordinary during long winter nights, and perched airily upon a phantom mast-head, just where the ancient *dhow* and the unflying *proa* look down upon the burgees and the models, what honest sailing talk, what briny songs and breezy stories and cruising hopes and fears, what regatta plans and failures, must he hear! For about him glorious yachting battles are fought again eternally; here old yarns and modern ravellings are respun; and here, when the nation's honor is at stake, the champions are sifted and selected.

Even in the still hours when the silvery chiming of the sea-bell clock sets and relieves the spectral watches that never are, the inspiration lingers, for in the hush and quiet of the middle night the echoes love to tell how, in the old days, the *America* won the splendid triumph which gave new meaning to the blithesome chorus:

"*Where* did she come from? New York town!
Who was her skipper? Old Dick Brown!"

Why, at any time, it is worth a hard day's threshing to windward in foul weather to hear this glee roared out, as I have caught it, by one deep-water sailor, who must be nameless, but whose melody and force you may follow with a favoring wind from Harlem Creek to the Narrows.

The cherub's special inspiration this year is the opening of the four out-of-town stations built to supplement the landing-floats in the harbor and the existing house at Newport. These new homes were the compromises made by the committee appointed to report upon the advisability of building another club-house beyond the city limits, and upon tidewater. Their happy suggestion, which united two squadrons divided within the club upon a friendly question of expediency, was accepted with alacrity. All the members took a lively interest in the work, but the burden of labor fell upon ex-Commodore S. Nicholson Kane and Mr. Frank T. Robinson, both old-time sailors, wary in deep-sea cruising and skilled in yachting knowledge. They worked late and long, and I think the club owes them a debt of gratitude for an untiring energy, and for a capacity which made possible the opening of the houses before the cruise began.

To push the work expeditiously, the personal control of each station was intrusted to a member, and these gentlemen accepted with a commendable cheerfulness the duty imposed upon them. Mr. Clarence McKim superintended the construction and has control of No. 3 Station, at Whitestone, Long Island; Mr. David Banks, Commodore of the Atlantic Club and a long-time member of the New York, exercises the same functions at No. 4, New London, or rather at Pequot, that unequalled yachting centre; Mr. Frank T. Robinson cares for No. 5, at Shelter Island, New York; and Dr. H. C. Tucker is the club representative at No. 7, situated at Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts, or, as older sailors call it, Holmes's Holl, sacred to coasters as a harbor of refuge and of doughnuts. The landing-stages at New York, Nos. 1 and 2, are supervised by Commodore Gerry, and the house at Newport by Vice-Commodore Morgan.

In some cases no rental was charged for the land, notably at Shelter Island, where the owner of the Manhansett House enhanced his offer of the site and water privileges by a courtesy which preserved the traditional hospitality of his shore. At Vineyard Haven the Oak Bluff Association declined to receive more than a nominal rental, and, in addition, exerted itself in many cheerfully practical ways to show its appreciation of the club's intentions.

It will be seen in the illustration chosen as typical (the station at Shelter Island) that no pretentious effort has been exercised in the design of the houses. Here is a modest, modern, sailorlike building, re-enforced by a float ten feet above mean tide, which in location and size is admirably adapted to the work expected. Like the others, it is intended primarily to be a way-station, situated inshore of a good holding-ground, on the fringe of a safe harbor, within the usual cruising limits of the squadron, near railway and steamboat connections with New York, and of an ample equipment and commissioning for the comfort and convenience of those who may enjoy its novel privileges. Yacht and cabin stores, mail and telegrams, may be sent here to await orders, and, what is better, yacht and cabin stores, mail and telegrams, are sure to be kept as securely and to be delivered as promptly as the owners' anchors permit. Here, too, is a post-office, an express station, a telephone call, and here, besides, will yachting pilgrims find an oasis in that desert of extortion wherein so often they have been compelled to stand and deliver by wandering Bedouins of hackmen and by looting Arabs of tradesmen, who harry our sounds and coasts villanously. Charts, hydrographic notices, light-house and coast-survey bulletins, and daily weather maps, indeed all the aids to navigation which the government collates so carefully and distributes so freely, will be found here. And when the yachtsman feels the shore will give new zest to the ship—for shore-going in pleasant ports is a legitimate charm of cruising—here may he linger under his own roof-tree after sundown, and in the wreathing smoke of his weed, or by the insidious jug of Scotch and soda—or, better, with both—weave dreams, and thank the nautical gods for the good provided.

To the active man of affairs, harassed by a hundred cares and limited to a short outing upon the water, these stations will appeal more, perhaps, than to that lucky cruiser who goes where wind and tide and idle fancy, which is sailing wisdom, waft him. Often the busy man's vacation yields him no wanderings far afield, or at the best he may be handcuffed to spins that dare not stretch beyond sure splicing distance of a wire. For lost telegrams, misplaced letters, the tomfooleries of hotel clerks, or misguided kindness of yachting friends who take your mail because they are bound to cross your hawse and don't—all or one of these may spell disaster. And so, even if such an unhappy owner has a "smoker," and is reasonably sure of a port somewhere in Christendom, is he not apt in the fret and worry of these mischances to miss the good expected in his outing, to lose the rest, the tonic of breeze and wave, the quiet of stilled nights, and of clear stars sprinkled in an unclouded dome of blue, to get no good from the cheery songs and blithe yarns of congenial messmates? For fret and worry are handmaidens of sorrow and death, and more bitter than twinge of nerve or twist of limb to men of brains.

But with these stations before and behind him, the busy yachtsman, unless he is daft with the madness of money-spinning, may idle in the foaming furrows of the breeze and linger with the dalliance of the tide. For somewhere near him is the mail expected, somewhere close aboard—perhaps within pulling distance, if need be, of his gigsmen—is the intelligence he must have. If for no other reason than this, it is a royal progress the cherub has decreed; and now that success has followed inspiration, and triumph discrowned doubt, the members who brought it about deserve the heartiest recognition. Their deeds are surely such, I think, as should be toasted feelingly at seven bells, when the tardy sun of thirsty souls climbs laggardly over the yards and gaffs; and they are deserving, too, of remembrance even when an early flitting, to the bang of a starting-gun, is to follow a hard day's run, a tired ship's company, a belated anchorage, an eager, a persuasive, host, and—who may tell?—a jocund turning in. Always in our waters a balm awaits these yachtsmen, wherever their boats may be; for, within a dayshine's brisk sailing distance, they may find, to windward or to lee, as it pleases them, a haven where comforts woo beneath the fluttering "red cross on the blue" of their mother-club.

And to be a wanderer sure of a welcome in the home you call your own is plainly a mellow delight.

J. D. Jerrold Kelley.

MILITARY ATHLETICS AT ALDERSHOT.

It is not necessary to account for the fact that the people of the British Isles are the best racers physically on the earth, but I suppose it could be done. The long twilights in summer make games possible, and in winter every one who is not physically perfect must die. There are other reasons, but these are the chief ones. The serious business of John Bull's life is on the cricket or tennis ground, and Parliament adjourns for the races. Men never become so old that they quite give up these things, and then you know that when Mr. Jorrocks makes his pile of flesh and money he "rides to hounds." The "costers" all like a "go" with or without the gloves, and the greatest English reputations—I mean those which shall live with Milton and Shakespeare—were made in a 24-foot ring. The art stores in London have nothing but "sporting plates" in the windows for sale, although they make a concession to art conventions occasionally by keeping a picture of a Greek woman lying around in the lackadaisical "posy" manner affected by artists' models.

So when John Bull becomes "Tommy Atkins" he naturally joins the British Military Athletic Association, and when he is not drilling or drinking beer he is cultivating his latent talents for doing some one thing in athletics which shall win him a prize at the tournaments. He will journey all the way from Scotland or Ireland to Aldershot, and be hammered almost to death, for the everlasting distinction and honor of the Scotch Grays or Enniskillens.

The games continue for two or three days, and there are a tremendous lot of entries. The barracks and the line are deserted, and officers and men take a hand. The women all go too, and the ladies sit under a big canvas awning, and the women who are not ladies do the best they can. The color and cut of many brilliant uniforms enliven the scene, and if ever John Bull betrays any emotion he does it then.

The 24-foot ring has the greatest fascination for Tommy Atkins, and he sits on the ground in great rings which widen away from the stakes and ropes as does the water of a quiet pool when an angler's fly strikes it. There is no mystery about the proceedings of a "go" to Tommy. The thing is not so new to him that he indulges in superficialities concerning the bout. He passes his remarks in terse and strongly shaded sentences, and "bets his sesterces upon their blood." The pale young recruit is there with his new uniform: the dull light of the factory has bleached his skin. The tall guardsman strides about with his neat clothes and grand air. You find Ortheris and Mulvaney in plenty. They have come all the way from India. They are no longer white men, but the sun has eaten and burned into their skin until their red coat is a quiet note of color in the contrast. Taken altogether Tommy is a fighter. He likes his beer and his girl, but the great, overpowering dissipation is a fight. He would rather put up the fight himself, but if that is inconvenient or not at hand he likes to watch others fight; and if a British officer desires the approbation of his men, he can gain renown by winning a game at Aldershot, which shall make his star to shine until a brilliant Engineer or the best light in the Intelligence Office shall be of an invisible magnitude.

In these days when all Europe has gone back to the lance as a cavalry arm, that weapon has the stage. A light bridle hand and a clever whirling of the pole as it searches out the life of the opponent make pretty work. It is a great pity that the pitiless, all-penetrating, rapid-firing rifle cannot be traded for the "gray goose's wing," and all these miserable machinating staff and ordnance officers and inventors be relegated to the devil, when once again war and fighting should make men glad and death easy. Oh, sorry the day—of steamships and box-cars and Nordenfelts and British interests! If again could come the times when the "tall fellows of England" could drop over the Channel and "spit" a few French, or follow one lord to conclusions against his neighbor lord!—when, as Philippe de Comines said, "it presented the rare spectacle of a land where there are no buildings destroyed or demolished by war, and where the mischief of it falls on those who make the war." But we fear for the future: a few more "boxes of tricks," say balloons and dynamite in conjunction, and it will become necessary to give over fighting altogether. What will take the place of fighting? Talk and subterfuge, more international law, and men trained from boyhood to lie and dissemble. I suppose this will be it. Then cowards will be even more respected than they are now, and the fittest to survive will not be the ones with the strong backs, the perfect nerve force, and the "red blood in their necks." The Orientals may "come again" in those days. But meanwhile England is hardening and suppling her loins and biceps to push her lances and bayonets; and if Mr. Edison and his fellows will only confine themselves to inventions of civil importance there is yet hope that the rapid-fire guns will get out of order, that the machinery in the big ships will not work properly in action, and that the balloon may be carried out of its course by the wind. If you happen in the mean time to be in London in June, take a run down to Aldershot and see Tommy at his very best.

Frederic Remington.

PERSONAL.

The following telegram was received at the late home of Mr. George William Curtis the evening of the day of his death:

Buzzards Bay, August 31, 1892.

Mrs. G. W. Curtis, West Brighton:—The sad intelligence I have just received fills me with the greatest personal sorrow, which is more distressing because I know my heartfelt sympathy cannot reach with consolation the depth of your grief.

Grover Cleveland.

—Emin Pasha, the African explorer, is the hero of a romance. When very young he became enamored of a pretty Hungarian girl, a child still in short dresses, and though "no words of love passed between them," as the story relates, Emin cared for her so that he has never since been fascinated by another woman. He became a recluse, almost a misanthrope, but years later when called, as a physician, to attend the wife of Ismail Pasha, he recognized in her his youthful sweetheart. The result was the familiar one of the story-books. After the vicissitudes of war and of long confinement in prison, Ismail died, and Emin, declaring his love for the first time, wooed and won the widow.

—The Stanhope gold medal, which is presented to that one of the Queen's subjects who performs the most meritorious act of bravery during the year in saving human life, was awarded recently to Lieutenant Huddleston, of the Royal Indian Marine. His remarkable deed of daring consisted in jumping into the water from a marine survey-steamer, in the Bay of Bengal, to rescue a sailor who had fallen overboard, and who was in imminent danger of being eaten by sharks. Lieutenant Huddleston plunged into the water, as Cassius did to rescue Cæsar, upon the word, accoutred as he was, without removing his coat or shoes, and his reward was well bestowed.

—For nearly half a century the Isles of Shoals have been a popular summer resort for Bostonians and New England people, and their sale recently to a syndicate of capitalists is an event of considerable interest. Most persons associate them at first thought with Mrs. Celia Thaxter, the poetess, who has reigned long as "queen of Appledore," and whose cottage has been a place of pilgrimage for all visitors. Mrs. Thaxter's love of flowers is so great that she is said to rise before dawn every day to replenish, with the aid of her maids, the two hundred vases with which her rooms are decorated. She gives equal attention to her garden, which is as carefully attended as a millionaire's hot-house.

—The Duke of Edinburgh, the violinist of the British royal family, is reported to have said that he would rather have Sarasate than his own daughter sit in judgment on him when he plays, so frank is his daughter's criticism. Whether the Duke performs well or ill now an anecdote of his youthful lack of expertness with the bow is apropos. An old Boston music-lover who heard Trebelli, recently deceased, sing at a great concert in Covent Garden years ago, says that the eyes of the young and beautiful Princess of Wales, who was present, filled with tears. He was told, however, that the Princess's tears were from mortification at the violin-playing of the Duke, her brother-in-law, who took part in the same concert.

—Henry Laurens Dawes, the senior Senator from Massachusetts, who has declined to stand for re-election, has been thirty-five years in public office, and seventeen years in the Senate. He is now seventy-six, but vigorous and hale, and outside of his political career he has been a teacher, editor, and lawyer. Whatever the grade of his statesmanship, which most people have rated very high, he will be remembered by posterity chiefly as the Indian's advocate and friend.

—Peter M. Arthur, Grand Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, lives in a handsome home on Euclid Avenue in Cleveland. He is a thrifty and economical man, and is said to be worth $300,000. It is eighteen years since he was elected to his present position, and the order of which he is the executive head has grown to a membership of 30,000. Before his election as Chief of the Brotherhood, Mr. Arthur was an engineer on the New York Central Railroad, with a home in Utica.

—One of the most remarkable blind men of the century is John B. Herreshoff, the Rhode Island boat-builder, whose fast yachts have made him famous on all waters. He has been unable to see since he was fifteen years old, but so keen are his other senses that he carries in his mind perfect pictures of his graceful boats. He is thoroughly familiar with the minute details of ship-building, and doubtless better equipped mentally than he would be could he see, such is the compensation furnished by nature for the defect of one sense by the strengthening of the others.

AMATEVR · SPORT

For the third consecutive year Oliver S. Campbell holds the lawn-tennis championship of the United States, and the massive silver loving-cup therefore becomes his personal property. The trophy records the victory of H. W. Slocum, Jun., in '88 and '89, and of Campbell in '90, '91, and '92. The championship match on Wednesday morning on the Newport courts gave moments of the most brilliant tennis we have ever seen in this country, but there were also moments of play much inferior, as the number of balls driven into the net and out of courts shows. Hovey's play in the fourth and deciding set was a wonderful exhibition of his most brilliant play. With the games 5–0 in Campbell's favor, he pulled the score up to 5 all, but his spurt having spent its force, Campbell, as cool and steady as though playing a practice set, won the next two games, the set, and the match.

Campbell showed at once in the first set that his play on the English courts had greatly benefited his form, and the very first game proved his nerve to be in working order, for with the score 40–0 against him he pulled up and finally won it. His base-line and general back-court play is much better than it has ever been, and his work at the net incomparable. He has never in his career played such good tennis as he did against Hovey, and it makes his several defeats in England the more incomprehensible to us Americans. If he played as strong a game over there as he did here in defending his title at Newport, the Englishmen must indeed be wonders.

We ought to have some of the English cracks over here next year, and it is not too early for the National Lawn-Tennis Association officials to propitiate the scheme by an invitation. We should like to see our champion on his native soil against one of England's best.

Hovey should have won the first set, for his tennis was cleaner than the champion's, who was driving balls into the net and out of court with surprising frequency. On the eighth game it was 4 all, which Hovey made 5–4, and then let down, while Campbell took three straight games, and the set, 7–5. Hovey's tennis in the second set amply justified the opinion herein expressed that at his brilliant periods his game is too much for even Campbell; with the exception of three games, he actually played all around Campbell, passing him at the net frequently, lobbing over him for a point each time, and winning three love games.

In the next, the third set, Campbell gave a practical exhibition of the advantages of a cool head and a dexterous wrist. He began by winning a love game, which he duplicated later on, and for six games of the nine, which constituted the set, he kept Hovey on the run from one side of the court to the other. Campbell's play in that set could not possibly have been bettered; he had the cleverest man in America as an opponent, yet he completely outplayed him. Hovey's lobs failed to connect; he could not pass him at the net; and every return was sent down the side lines as true as a die. In the three games of this set he did not win, Campbell knocked enough balls into the net and out to have lost the set, despite that he won 42 points to Hovey's 31.

Campbell sustained his brilliant play on the opening of the fourth set, running it up without a break to 5–0. On the sixth game Hovey began again the brilliant play he had shown in the second set, and by wonderful tennis made the score 5 all; twice was Campbell within a point of the match, and each time Hovey pulled out the game. There were a great many balls going into the net and out of court in the last few games of this set, which Campbell finally won, and with it the renewal of his title.

Campbell won the match on his superior play and, above all, his superior judgment, born of an experience which has made him the "headiest" player in this country. He did not waste a pound of effort; he let the other man do the running about and the worrying, but in the interim he was placing his returns on Hovey's left (where he is weak) with a persistency that must have made the Harvard man wish himself ambidextrous. Campbell's play at the net was never so effective. His form there appears wellnigh perfection, and he gets the ball off his racket at a much sharper angle than any other player who has shown at Newport, which, of course, drops it over that much closer to the net.

Hovey has won the distinction of passing the champion more frequently in four sets than any American player he ever met. His lobbing was especially noteworthy for its timely execution, while his side-line placing in the second and fourth sets has not been excelled even by Hobart. The analysis of the match presents an interesting study. Score, 7–5, 3–6, 6–3, 7–5. Campbell—points by placed balls, 43; outs, 56; net, 44; faults, 3; total, 146. Hovey—placed balls, 48; outs, 45; net, 34; faults, 9; total, 136.

In the semi-finals on Tuesday the E. L. Hall-Larned match proved to be not only by far the most exciting one of the Newport tournament, but of any ever held here.

Hall's much longer and more varied experience, his victory earlier in the tournament over Hobart, and his pluck were qualities that combined to make him the generally accepted victor over his less-experienced and less-steady opponent. It must have been the previous defeats Hall had administered to him that braced Larned up to, for him, a remarkable degree of steadiness, for he had not up to that time given, nor did he subsequently give, an exhibition of that great essential to success in lawn-tennis. As stated here last week, odds previous to the match were in favor of Hall, but Larned's win "would not be surprising."

No score he has made so well shows the character of Larned's play as this one. The first set began with Hall playing hard tennis and confident, while Larned's returns were either in the net or sent out of court, and he was manifestly ill at ease. The second, however, was his bracer, and he began playing a game that would have won from any man on the grounds. The pace he put on the ball was terrific, and his forehand drives were by long odds the best seen at Newport. He showed extremely good judgment in his lobbing, and, as a matter of fact, played all around Hall, winning a love set. He kept up the pace through the next set, winning that also, though Hall pulled out four games by very nervy play. The fourth set went to Hall, 6–1, who was putting up a great game, getting some seemingly impossible balls in the corners of the court, and lobbing beautifully over the Cornell man when he ran to the net.

It was the fifth and deciding set, however, which put the spectators on edge. Never was there such excitement over any set at Newport; beside it the championship was tame. After 2 games all had been called, Hall, by the better work, ran the score to 4–2, and finally 5–3. Larned had been very shaky, and it looked at this point almost a sure thing for Hall, who was never known to get rattled. Up to this stage of the set Hall had been lobbing with great skill and making a point each time, but from the time Larned began the extraordinary play which brought the score up to 5 games all, Hall lobbed very little, and those few times were smashed out of court by Larned. From 5 all the score went to 6–5 in Hall's favor, and then 6 all, when Larned's brilliant streak began again its irresistible course, and took two straight games and the match, 2–6, 6–0, 6–4, 1–6, 8–6. Hall played as good tennis as ever he did and showed excellent judgment, except probably he might have lobbed more in the last few games of the fifth set, and possibly stemmed the current of Larned's terrific driving, but he met a man whose play at opportune times was the most brilliant and most difficult to handle of any ever seen in this country.

Considering Larned's victory over Hall and his remarkable forehand drives, there was every reason to expect at least an interesting match when he met Hovey on Tuesday to decide which of the two was to meet Campbell the following morning. Surprises being the order of the week, however, this one became number six on the list. Few who follow tennis closely expected Larned to win, but they looked for a hard game that would call out Hovey's best work in order to win the All Comers cup. The first two sets saw Hovey playing good tennis, but not his best. Larned had dropped into his unsteadiest period, and seemed unable to pull himself out of it until the third set. With wearisome monotony Hovey won games in the first set, which he finally secured, 6–0. Although Larned in this and the next managed to make most of the games close, many of them being deuce and vantage, yet at critical points he failed to connect. He began to show in the last games of the third set a semblance of the form by which he had defeated Hall; but it was too late, and Hovey became the All Comers winner without being called on to play so hard as last year, when he lost to Clarence Hobart. Score, 6–0, 6–2, 7–5. Analysis:

Hovey—points won on placed balls, 36; outs, 30; net, 32; faults, 4.

Larned—points won on placed balls, 32; outs, 26; net, 21.

The eccentricity of Larned's game is shown by the fact that in the first and second sets he had 5 and 9 placed balls respectively, while in the third he had 18 to his credit. Total strokes: Hovey, 102; Larned, 79.

The analysis of the Hall-Hobart match also makes an interesting study:

Hall—points won by placed balls, 69; outs, 70; net, 53; faults, 6; total, 198.

Hobart—placed balls, 94; outs, 61; net, 31; total, 186.

In the Knapp-Chace match the total points won were 157–156 respectively.

The court-tennis championship tournament that was to have been held on the Casino court at Newport did not materialize. There was enough energy wasted in talk to have won the championship twice over, but it never got any further. Fiske Warren, who won at Newport last year, was in Europe, and R. D. Sears was, and is yet, seriously ill, but Foxhall Keene, J. S. Tooker, Spalding de Garmendia, and Mr. Metcalf (of Boston) were all at Newport, though apparently not eager for the affray. The hitch—and there is a decided one—is in whom the title of champion at present is vested, and where shall the annual tournament be held.

Sears holds the championship of the Boston Athletic Association, and Warren won the title last year at Newport in open competition. Warren will not play on the B.A.A.'s court. Sears will not play on Warren's private court, and the two have failed as yet to meet at Newport. Why there should not have been a contest at Newport this year and a new champion in default of Warren's failure to defend the title he won last year, no one seems able to tell; to have abandoned the tournament simply because Messrs. Warren and Sears could not agree on a mutual battle-ground was silly. The Newport court is surely neutral ground.

Preliminary Round.	First Round.	Second Round.	Third Round.	Fourth Round.	Fifth Round.	Finals.	Winner of All Comers.
	A. E. Wright, R. D. Wrenn.	Wrenn, 6-1, 10-8, 6-1.	Wrenn, 12-14, 6-2, 4-6, 9-7, 6-1.	Wrenn, 8-6, 6-4, 6-1.	Wrenn, 6-1, 4-6, 9-7, 6-0.	Hovey, 6-4, 7-5, 6-3.	Hovey, 6-0, 6-2, 7-5.
	M. Chace, W. P. Knapp.	Knapp, 6-4, 4-6, 6-1, 2-6, 6-4.					
	C. R. Budlong, J. S. Clark.	Budlong, 3-6, 6-2, 2-6, 8 6, 6-3.	Budlong, 6-1, 6-4, 6-2.				
	H. D. Betts, G. H. Pratt.	Betts, 6-4, 6-2, 6-3.					
	R. Thomas, G. I. Scott.	R. Thomas, 6-4, 6-2, 5-7, 6-4.	Fielding, default.	Fielding, 2-6, 3-6, 6-2, 7-5, 6-2.			
	M. Fielding, E. D. Hewins.	Fielding, 6-0, 6-1, 6-1.					
	N. H. Emmons, C. R. Wykoff.	N. H. Emmons, 4-6, 7-5, 7-5, 2-6, 6-4.	Herrick, 7-5, 6-3, 6-1.				
	W. V. Johnson, G. P. Herrick.	Herrick, default.					
	T. P. Borden, R. Stevens.	Stevens, 6-2, 6-4, 6-0.	Stevens, 6-0, 4-6, 7-5, 6-1.	Stevens, 6-1, 6-1, 6-2.	Hovey, 6-1, 6-4, 6-0.		
	E. L. Rowland, H. F. McCormick.	McCormick, 6-2, 6-1, 6-3.					
	Wm. Ames, Jun., A. N. Winslow.	Ames, 7-5, 8-6, 6-4.	Ames, 4-6, 8-6, 6-4, 6-1.				
	D. S. de Garmendia, J. W. Nichols, Jun.	Nichols, default.					
	R. S. Howland, A. Codman.	Codman, 4-6, 2-6, 6-1, 8-6, 6-4.	Hovey, 6-3, 6-1, 6-3.	Hovey, 6-2, 6-4, 5-7, 6-0.			
	G. S. Bryan, F. H. Hovey.	Hovey, 6-1, 6-1, 6-2.					
W. McKittrick, F. B. Stevens.	H. M. Billings. McKittrick, 7-5, 6-1, 6-0.	Billings, 6-3, 6-2, 6-8, 6-4.	Post, 6-0, 6-4, 7-5.				
H. W. Cozzens, Jun., K. S. Green.	Green, 9-7, 6-4, 6-1.	Post, 6-1, 6-0, 6-1.					
A. W. Post, H. C. Bixby.	Post, 6-4, 6-8, 8-6, 3-6, 6-2.						
H. H. Pigott, B. B. Manchester.	Manchester, 6-4, 6-4, 6-3.	Horton, 7-5, 6-3, 6-1.	E. L. Hall, 6-4, 6-2, 6-2.	E. L. Hall, 8-6, 4-6, 4-6, 6-2, 6-4.	Hall, 1-6, 6-3, 4-6, 6-2, 6-3.	Larned, 2-6, 6-0, 6-4, 1-6, 8-6.	
E. Stelle, T. Horton.	Horton, 6-4, 6-1, 6-1.						
C. E. Lord, E. L. Hall.	E. L. Hall, default. J. C. Davidson.	E. L. Hall, 6-2, 6-4, 6-4.					
	C. Hobart, G. C. Thomas.	Hobart, 6-1, 6-1, 6-3.	Hobart, 6-1, 6-1, 6-2.				
	M. Bruce, C. P. Hubbard.	Hubbard, 6-2, 6-3, 6-4.					
	Q. A. Shaw, C. T. Rice.	Shaw, 6-0, 6-4, 6-4.	Chase, 6-4, 6-0, 6-3.	Chase, 7-5, 5-7, 6-3, 2-6, 6-1.			
	S. T. Chase, D. W. Candler.	Chase, 7-5, 11-13, 4-6, 6-2, 6-2.					
	M. D. Smith, R. P. Huntington, Jun.	Smith, 7-5, 6-3, 6-1.	Smith, 6-2, 6-1, 7-5.				
	W. Floyd, E. A. Thomson.	Floyd, default.					
	H. W. Slocum, Jun., W. N. Ryerson.	Slocum, 6-0, 6-0, 6-0.	Larned, 6-1, 6-3, 3-6, 6-4.	Larned, 6-0, 6-3, 6-3.	Larned, 6-4, 6-3, 7-5.		
	W. A. Larned, G. R. Fearing, Jun.	Larned, 7-5, 6-3, 6-1.					
	W. H. Barnes, G. J. Geer.	Barnes, default.	Goforth, 6-3, 6-4, 6-1.				
	W. R. Roberts, W. H. Goforth.	Goforth, 6-4, 6-2, 6-4.					
	V. G. Hall, P. S. Sears.	V. G. Hall, 6-3, 3-6, 8-6, 6-4.	V. G. Hall, 6-3, 6-2, 6-2.	V. G. Hall, 6-4, 6-4, 6-3.			
	C. Tete, Jun., R. N. Dana.	Dana, 6-4, 6-4, 6-1.					
	W. E. Woodworth, A. B. Emmons.	Emmons, 6-4, 7-5, 10-8.	Winslow, 6-1, 6-3, 6-2.				
	W. P. Metcalf, F. B. Winslow.	Winslow, 5-7, 6-1, 8-6, 6-0.					

Double Championship.

O. S. Campbell and R. P. Huntington, Jun., *vs.* V. G. Hall and E. L. Hall. — Campbell and Huntington, 6-4, 6-2, 4-6, 6-3.

Championship Round.... O. S. Campbell, present champion, *vs.* F. H. Hovey, winner All Comers. — Campbell, 7–5, 3–6, 6–3, 7–5.

Caspar W. Whitney.

"AMERICAN FOOTBALL."—By Walter Camp.—With 31 Illustrations.—Price, $1 25.—Published by Harper & Brothers.

THE CRESCENT ATHLETIC CLUB.

Among the athletic clubs of this country there is probably no more prosperous organization than the Crescent of Brooklyn. Founded in 1885 as a football club by several devotees of that game, mostly collegians, it has developed into an organization of over one thousand members, with a commodious and cozy club-house in Brooklyn, a magnificent new $30,000 club-house, fine field accommodations, and boat-house at Bay Ridge, and as complete a stock of apparatus and boats as is owned by any club in America.

Chief among the founders of the Crescent was William M. Ford, to whom was accorded the honor of first enrolled member, William R. Thompson, John and Harry Lamarche, Clinton H. Braine, Joseph E. Austin, Lloyd Saltus, Edmund R. Terry, William C. Nesmith, Frederic R. Vernon, Duncan Edwards, and Gustavus S. Wallace.

In January, 1886, the club reorganized as an athletic club, and took rooms on the corner of Clinton and Montague streets, Brooklyn Heights, but rapid increase in membership soon compelled them to move again to their present quarters at 71 Pierrepont Street, where they located during the summer of 1890. In the mean time they had purchased the old Van Brunt mansion at Bay Ridge, where the abductors of Charley Ross, the burglars Mosher and Douglass, were shot, and had turned the old mansion into a cozy and commodious country club-house, and the broad acres adjoining it into one of the finest private athletic fields in America. In 1889 the Nereid Boat Club, having consolidated with the Crescents, had towed their boat-house up from Sheepshead Bay and moored it at the Bay Ridge grounds. Still further improvements were planned, and in 1891 the new club-house was designed by Fowler & Hough, and has been erected at Bay Ridge at a cost of $30,000, and is now ready for occupation. It contains all the features of a modern country club, and hereafter will be the summer home of the Crescents.

Football has always been a favorite sport with the members of the Crescent, and for several years the games with the Princeton and Yale teams have been a feature of the Crescent's season. Men who have been prominent in college football, who have toed the mark and kicked upon the Crescent team, are Wyllys Terry, the famous half back and all round athlete; Harry Beecher, the famous quarter back; and Billy Bull, the old full back of Yale. Both Terry and Beecher have been captains of the Yale football team, while Terry was also captain of the Yale baseball nine, and helped to win many laurels for them during his administration. Among the Princeton men who now wear the crescent are Duncan Edwards, who probably knows as much about football as any man living, Moffat, Janeway, and George. The present officers of the club are Charles M. Bull, president; Carll H. De Silver, vice-president; W. B. Hill, secretary; Harry H. Langhoar, treasurer.

THE CRESCENT ATHLETIC CLUB-HOUSE, BAY RIDGE.

RACES AT ROCKAWAY.

Gymkana races were invented in India, and have been adopted in England and in this country. They are amusing, and they are interesting because it does not follow that the best horses and the best riders must always win. The Rockaway Hunt Club held their annual Gymkana races last week, and there were many there to see.

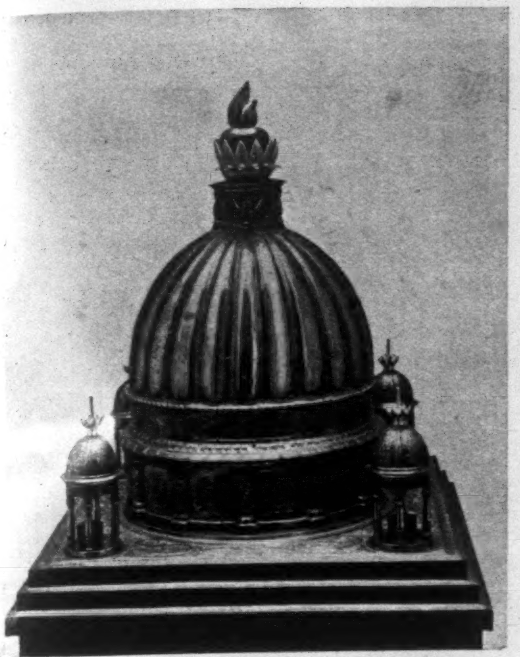
On the day set, about twenty-five or thirty men and women on horseback, and as many more in high carts and low carts, buckboards and wagonettes, met at the club-house at Cedarhurst, Long Island, and proceeded in a body to the outer beach. There was a broad creek to wade across before reaching the course, and across this the whole party had to ford. Dr. T. F. Brown, who knows the whereabouts of every hole and shoal in Rockaway inlet as well as he knows the position of every bone in a man's body, had staked out a road through the water, and it was a question of keeping between the stakes or drowning. This alone shows the sporting spirit of the people of Rockaway. Everybody crossed and reached the track in safety, except one of the judges, he of the Scotch plaid coat, who, without any apparent reason, left his pony suddenly, to mount again unhurt and with all the dignity which his position required. Without either bugle call or bell the first race, a half-mile dash for ponies under 14.2, was called, and ten entries faced the starter. Before the spectators could get their field-glasses into play they were off in a bunch, with E. La Montagne, Jun., slightly in the lead, and L. Jacob, Jun., Ricardo Francke, P. La Montagne, John D. Cheever, E. Chandler, S. P. Hinckley, S. Babcock, and others, after him. It was hammer and tongs all the way, Mr. Ricardo Francke winning by a place. The ladies quarter-mile dash brought out Miss Hard, Miss Slade, and her sister, Miss Marguerite Slade. After a bad break the three got away together, Miss Marguerite Slade winning easily. The Ocean Stakes which followed was the event of the day; twelve ponies faced the water, each rider with a glass in his hand, and at the word "Go!" all plunged into the surf, filled his glass, and then headed for the turning flag, 400 yards away. Mr. Luis Francke was the first round, leading the fleet by five lengths; then came Rene La Montagne, Samuel Hinckley, and Len Jacob; they ran past the line in this order, and pulled up in front of the judges for inspection; it was the first in with the most water to win. With a natural repugnance for water few qualified, and S. P. Hinckley, who had carefully nursed his tumbler all the way, was awarded first prize. In the next race the riders were ladies, who had to proceed to a given point where as many men stood ready to thread a needle handed them by the riders. Miss Marguerite Slade, the winner, was fortunate in having for a "threader" a bachelor, who allowed her to proceed over the course without hardly any apparent delay. Miss M. Slade in this race, as in the second, received well-deserved applause for her plucky riding.

The fifth race, known as the *double event*, was a race for mixed doubles. Five men having chosen partners rode to one end of the line where these partners awaited them, and where each handed his partner a ribbon, they then made for home. Mr. E. La Montagne, Jun., and Miss Slade seemed to be the best matched pair, and won handily. The last race was for horses of every size or color, and thirteen, no two alike, entered. The starter, Mr. Albert La Montagne, had much trouble, and it was not until after seven breaks that he caught all together and sent them away. Leonard Jacob, on Faust, was well thought of, but Mr. E. La Montagne, Jun., on Xeno, won all the way, J. D. Cheever coming in second. After this there was a race towards the table, where refreshments stood, and a ride home. The prizes were cups, and even those who failed to win one of them thought the day a success.

THE LADIES' RACE.

THE START OF THE PARTNERS' RACE.

GYMKANA RACES OF THE ROCKAWAY HUNT CLUB.



TEMPLE IN WHICH MADAME BLAVATSKY'S ASHES ARE TO BE PLACED.

MADAME BLAVATSKY'S SHRINE.

The mortal remains of the founder and High Priestess of that curious sect which calls itself the Theosophical Society were cremated in London a few days after her death, in May, 1891. Almost immediately there began a discussion as to the disposition which should be made of the ashes. The society was anxious to preserve them and to retain the custody of them, but was obliged to first obtain the consent of her relatives. This was done with little difficulty, and then the discussion arose. There has hardly been a parallel to it since the time when

> "Seven cities claimed the poet Homer, dead,
> Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

For the Theosophical Society has headquarters in three continents, and the members in each place desired the custody of the ashes.

The New York members urged that the society was formed in this city. Those in India urged that India was the land she loved most, and that she had founded the society on the teachings of the sages of the East. Moreover, they pointed out that she had spent the best part of her life there, and had, in fact, made the Bombay society the central or principal one. The claims of London were presented on the ground that she had died there. The fact that she had expressed no wish in her lifetime as to the final disposition to be made of the ashes left the question open for decision by her followers, and the decision was made after a consultation held by three of the most prominent members of the society, at the convention held in London in July, 1891.

These three were Colonel Henry S. Olcott, at that time president of the society, whose permanent home is in Adyar, near Madras, and who represented the Indian section at the convention; Mr. William Q. Judge, of New York, who has since been elected president in the place of Colonel Olcott, after the latter's resignation, and who represented the American section; and Mrs. Annie Besant, who is regarded as the European leader of the society. The three, with the full concurrence of the society at large, decided, after consultation, to divide the ashes into three parts, one to be preserved in each country. The division was accordingly made, and the ashes are now in the three countries. The permanent resting-place for that portion which remains in London has now been completed, and forms the subject of the illustration above.

This resting-place is a shrine, in which has been placed a copper vase containing the ashes. It is, as the picture shows, designed after the model of an Oriental *dagoba*, or tomb. The material of which it is made is copper, excepting that the lotus flower which surmounts the *dagoba* is of silver, and the flame which bursts from the petals of the flower is golden. The design, the striking beauty of which can hardly be denied, was made by the English artist R. Machell, and the work of construction was done by the Swedish artist Benggston. The square platform which forms the base of the shrine is a trifle over two feet square, and the dome is two feet in height. Each of the four smaller *dagobas* which form the ornaments at the corners is eight inches high. The copper vase which holds the ashes is placed inside the central dome, which is locked by an intricate and ingenious device. Together with the vase a parchment document was placed inside the dome, which reads as follows:

"We the undersigned do hereby certify, each for himself, that on the 15th day of July, 1892, at 19 Avenue Road, in the city of London, in the front room, called 'H. P. B.'s room,' we witnessed the placing of the ashes of H. P. Blavatsky within this vase or receptacle by Herr Sven Benggston, from designs by R. Machell, and the said ashes being in their turn within a copper Indian vase. To all of which this shall be testimony. Signed: Constance Wachtmeister, Annie Besant, William Q. Judge, Isabel Cooper-Oakley, Walter R. Old, Alice C. Cleather, G. R. S. Mead, Laura M. Cooper, Edward T. Sturdy."

The room referred to is the one which was used by Madame Blavatsky as a work-room up to the time of her death. It is well filled with bric-à-brac and pictures, and everything in the room, excepting the chair she used, has been kept just as she left it. The chair has been replaced by the shrine, which stands on a square table, so that the ashes remain in the exact spot where she was in the habit of sitting at her writing.

A very similar receptacle, though of a different design, has been planned for the preservation of that portion of the ashes which has been brought to America, but the actual work of construction has not yet been begun. It is designed to build a marble niche in the wall of the house at 144 Madison Avenue, which the American section of the society has purchased, and to place the ashes in a vase which is to stand in the niche behind a hermetically sealed glass window.

That portion which has been taken by Colonel Olcott to India will find a resting-place in a genuine dagoba, which is said to be in course of construction. The society owns, in Adyar, near Madras, a property of some twenty-one acres, fronting on one of the small rivers of that country, and on this property a site has been selected for the tomb, which is modelled after the main structure of the famous Taj Mahal. The Taj Mahal is the tomb of a queen, and is said to be the most magnificent mausoleum in existence. Madame Blavatsky's dagoba is to be built of pink sandstone from Raj-Pootanah, and is to be surmounted by a small spire of Benares copper.

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Do not vibrate to the passing wind more readily than weak nerves vibrate to the slightest noise or other trivial cause of their disturbance, which would be disregarded by the vigorous. That benignant tonic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, strengthens them through the medium of restored digestion, and thus remedies their supersensitiveness. Malaria, kidney, and liver complaint and constipation are cured by the Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

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has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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Especially infants, is prevalent at all times, but is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable is the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.
[*Adv.*]

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"The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

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SOZODONT

which hardens and invigorates the GUMS, purifies and perfumes the BREATH, beautifies and preserves the TEETH, from youth to old age.

By those who have used it it is regarded as an indispensable adjunct of the toilet. It thoroughly removes tartar from the teeth, without injuring the enamel.

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in order to remove the blemish. No article for the toilet possesses a greater claim to public confidence, and to few are accorded such a large share of public favor.

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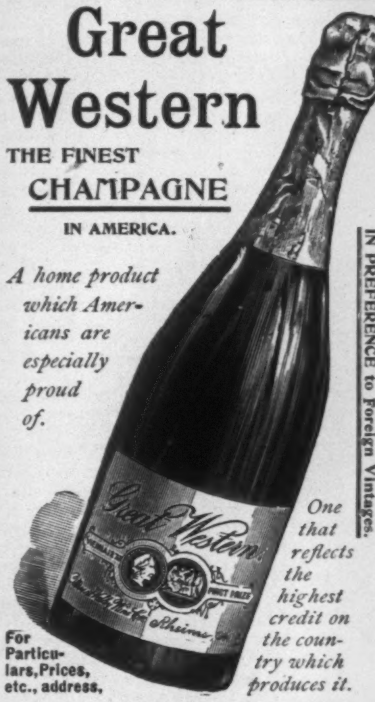

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THIS STYLE FOR SUMMER WEAR
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A DREADFUL DILEMMA.

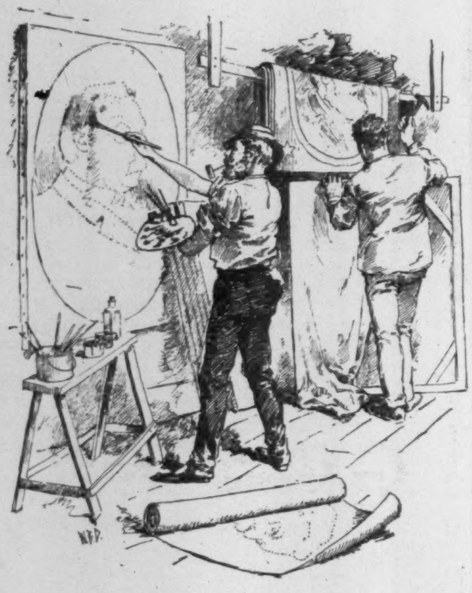
BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

I AM the man who will believe alone the things he sees.
I have no use for fancies, and I want no mysteries;
I don't believe in Santa Claus, and, I would also state,
Not ever having seen the man, Napoleon the great
I deem a miserable myth, and likewise Charlemagne;
Nor do I credit those who say there is a river Seine.

I've never travelled far from home, nor do I wish to go,
And hence I never saw an Alp, all covered up with snow,
Wherefore I think those people false who say that Alps there be;
Such stuff may do for weak-heads, but it will not do for me;
I never saw an English queen, or European king,
And therefore I've no notion that there's really such a thing.

I never saw a joke in all my melancholy span,
And so I am a sceptic on the point of witty man;
I spend my life in doubting, in denying as but lies
All pseudo-truths that have not been made patent to my eyes;
I don't believe that Cæsar ever wrote a word on Gaul,
Or that H. Dumpty ever sat as stated on a wall.

And yet I am not happy, for this theory of truth,
That's been my close companion since my days of early youth,
Has drawbacks, for if 'tis correct I'm most unfortunate,
Since never have I gazed upon my neck, my ears, or pate;
And if I don't believe those things exist which I don't *see*,
Why what a dreadful object to the public I must be!



THE ARTIST'S STUDIO.

THE MAKING OF CAMPAIGN BANNERS.

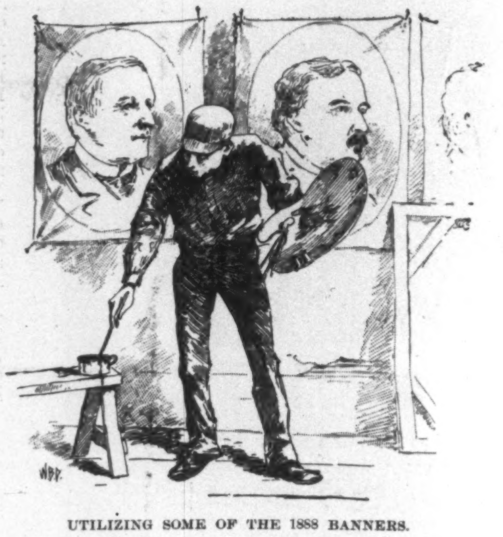
CAMPAIGN banners are distinctive and different. The distinction is political and the difference is artistic, although some banners show a sublime indifference to any suggestion of art. The exact reason for their being has probably never been satisfactorily determined, although a "banner raising" is usually attended with colored fire, noisy music, and lurid oratory, and affords a vent for popular enthusiasm. But after it is once swung forth and the momentary excitement has subsided, it is very doubtful whether a banner does really do anything except wave in the wind—it certainly can't win votes. Desiring to learn just how these banners are made, I visited, the other day, several establishments in New York. Wherever a campaign banner sign was exhibited I went in and expressed my longing for knowledge. Some men were glad to enlighten me; others firmly and positively refused to let me into the secrets of the business. Those who declined to talk or exhibit the method of making the banners were the cheaper places, which evidently had sprung to life for the season being. The large concerns were glad to show me their workshops and tell me all about their methods of manufacture. Mr. W. H. Sterling, the superintendent of a company, was particularly kind in explaining all the details. The methods of the small, cheap concerns, I learned, were simply mechanical. This accounts for the differences (and indifferences) exhibited by many banners. The portraits, so-called, are made with stencil, being roughly gone over at the finish. It is stated, upon very good authority, that the Mr. Morton of 1888 smiles down this year as Mr. Reid, disguised by a mustache and abundant hair. If any one of the candidates should care to enter a suit for pictorial libel, they could easily make a case in many instances, but what probably deters them is the fact that the caricatures have been raised by so many sympathizers and followers. This phase of the matter makes it actually depressing.

As regards the better class of banners, I would say that, however much the results would seem to be to the contrary, they really are not mechanical. It takes three men to make a banner—a sign-painter, a portrait-painter, and a sail-maker. Sometimes I fear that the first two get mixed up together; but it really doesn't make any difference, if the purchasers are satisfied. Banners range in price from $75 to $500, the cheaper ones bearing only the names and principles of the candidates, and having no portraits. There are three general sizes in banners—15 × 20 feet, 20 × 30 feet, and 30 × 40 feet—the price being regulated mostly by the size. The first step in the manufacture of a banner is a large net, resembling a fish-net in all respects except that it has square meshes. This the large manufacturer buys, but all other materials he prepares himself. This net is then bound about with stout Manila-rope, the rope in turn being laced and bound with canvas. In making a banner it must be remembered that there are two sides, both generally the same, so the designs must be produced in duplicate. This is easily accomplished in a stencil factory, but it means lots of labor to the regular sign-maker. The names and portraits are painted upon muslin sized with glue, canvas being too heavy for the purpose. The muslin is stretched out on boards, and then the sign-painter gets in his work on the long narrow strips, and begins, "Oshkosh Republican Club," or "Protection and Reciprocity," or something almost as anomalous. The muslin for the pictures is prepared the same way, generally taking up the whole side of a room, and the portrait-painter goes to work to prepare his thirtieth or fortieth portrait of Mr. Cleveland or Mr. Harrison. The portraits are painted in oil (sometimes tube) colors, and it is said that the painter cannot do more than a dozen or fifteen in a week; but it must be remembered that he is not an A.N.A. Sometimes the features of both candidates are upon one strip, divided by a manufacturing scene, with wheat growing in the back yard, or an eagle rampant on a shield. When both sides of the banner are painted, one section is arranged, paint downward, on the floor, and over this the net is placed. Then on top the other parts are put in position, and the sail-maker sews the whole thing together with waxed thread. It takes about a week to make a banner, and then it is ready to hang either in the streets of New York or Hohokus. The banners are generally placed in position by the manufacturer, for the business is but a side issue of the general sign-advertising trade which flourishes at all times. The cheap stencil concerns, as a rule, are those which go into that line during the campaign days.

To the casual observer all banners are the same, differing only in magnificence of coloring, size, and portrait effect. This, however, is not so; for there are as many varieties of banner as there are diversities in portraiture. The eagles occasionally represented are really wonderful birds—the dodo and the great auk are not to be compared with them; even that great eagle on the quarter-dollar is outdone. The talons of some of them are enormous, but they are made so in order to clasp a bunch of arrows. Some have the repose of a stuffed specimen; others, in full flight, hang on to an American shield; while a third variety seems undecided whether to spread his wings and fly away or settle down to roost on top of a rising sun. One peculiarity of this banner eagle is that he usually holds in his beak a pennon which proclaims his political sentiments. Liberty is represented in various guises, but her figure is always lofty and commanding, while she holds on high a torch the lighting capacity of which is about equal to the one upheld by the bronze Liberty in the bay. Other devices are called in play when originality is demanded, but Liberties and eagles seem to be most popular with the masses.

In making a large banner, four or five men are often put at work upon it at the same time, and it is very interesting to watch the rapidity with which they handle the brush. The most tedious thing in the manufacture of a banner is waiting for the paint to dry; and in some shops the heads are already painted (or stencilled), and only wait to be selected. In such cases a banner can be made ready in about three days. At one of the shops I visited was a huge pasteboard circle, with the outlines of a head cut from the centre, which I recognized as Mr. Reid's. I made inquiry about the stencil, and was informed that these pieces were only used to furnish the size and general outline of the head, after which the artist made the features from a photograph. Stencil-work, I was informed, was something entirely different. There was a separate stencil for every color used, and the work was done after this fashion: The sides of the room were first hung with muslin circles and squares, and then the painter, picking up the gray paint and stencil No. 1, covered these bits of muslin with daubs of gray, meant to represent Mr. Harrison's beard and hair. Then flesh-colored paint and stencil No. 2 supplied the face, the general outline of each head having first been made. So the work went on, until all the primary colors were put in, when the artist, carrying his palette, went over each head and blended and smoothed until a dozen heads of Mr. Harrison were complete, each one looking enough like the other to convince one that they were really meant for the worthy President and candidate.

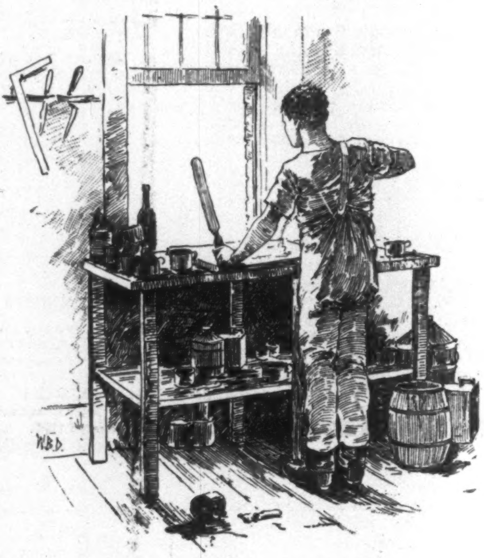
That is stencil-work. Making the general outlines of the head with a big pasteboard form is the first step in art—a mighty difference, I was assured. It is very amusing to visit one of these shops and see these great pieces of card-board, suggesting the simple outline of the various candidates, looking for all the world like paintings from which the head has been cut out. Eagles, I further learned, were seldom done in outline, but left to the artist and his vivid imagination to complete. This accounts for their wonderful variety.



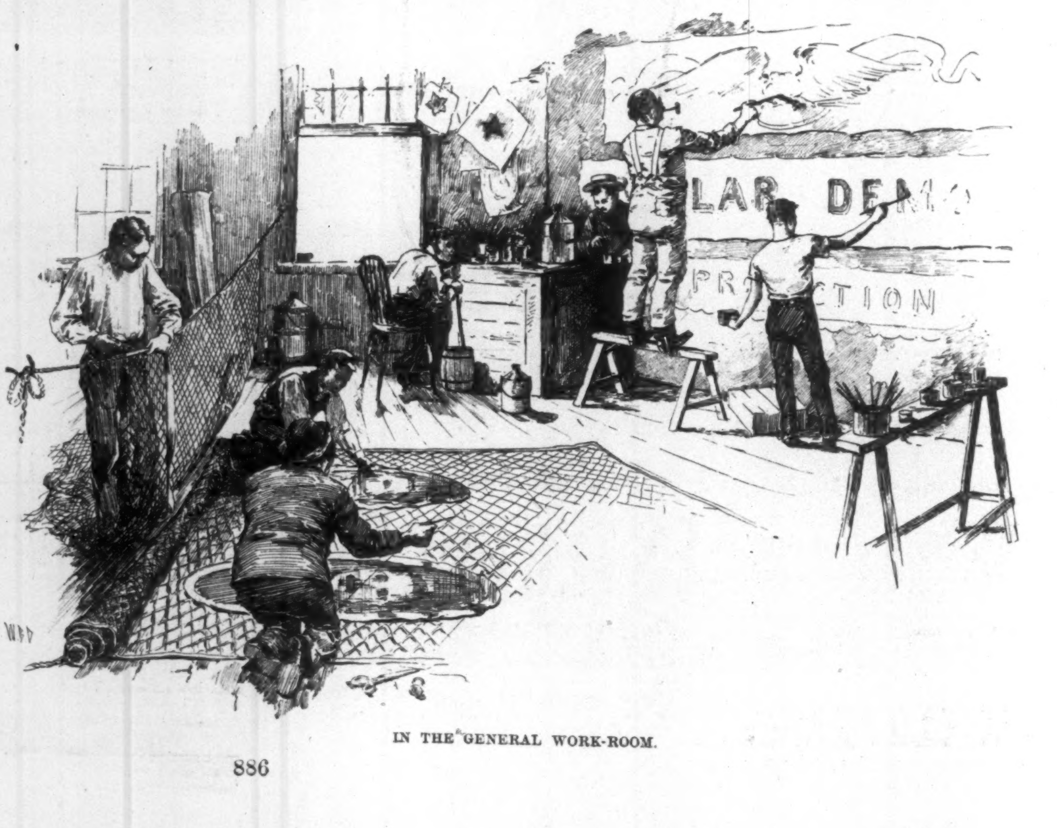
UTILIZING SOME OF THE 1888 BANNERS.

I have been unable to discover what finally becomes of the banners when their period of usefulness is over. It is to be hoped, however, that they are effectually destroyed; for just imagine one of these things being brought to light in the year 2100! The intelligent critic of that day might regard them as representing American art of the nineteenth century, and possibly they might be hung in some museum side by side with a baseball mask and high hat and other instruments of torture, so as to impress the people with the barbarity of New-Yorkers in 1892. With such a possibility in view, it might be well to appoint an art committee to attend to the destruction of every banner after each campaign.

F. S. M.



MIXING FLESH TINTS.



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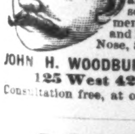

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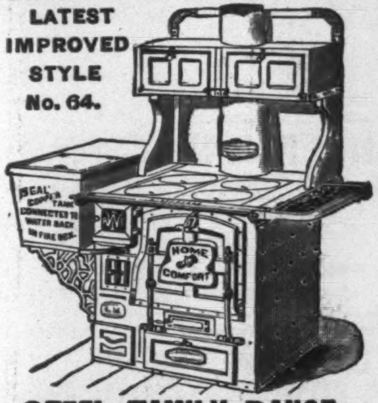
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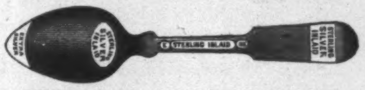
on the back of the spoon spoils it.



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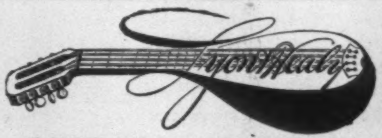

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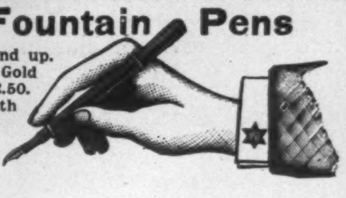

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